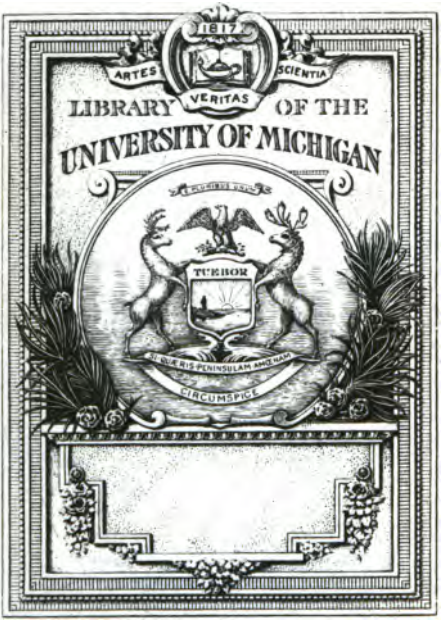
Thomas Lee Norman

CORBOLLIS



Eliza & Flor: Fra. Lee

(5 = 2)

Elia & Flor: Fra. Lee

THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

Elizabeth (Simpson)

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XII.

ORPHAN.
VENICE PRESERVED.
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.
REVENGE.
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1808.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

This tragedy was first acted in the year 1680, and, for a hundred years, had possession of the stage, and the hearts of the public.

There is a domestic interest in the fable, characters, and occurrences of this play, which forces attention and admiration; whilst it partakes of a certain horror, not perfectly consonant with delicacy, which forbids its final effect to be gratifying.

Dr. Johnson had just observed of Otway's "Orphan,"—"That it had pleased for near a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion," when fashion cast it aside. But there appears to be such a degree of good taste, and even good manners, in no longer giving countenance to its representation, that it is to be hoped, its present mode of treatment will never change.—Yet, some wholesome lessons will infallibly be learned in the perusal of this faulty work.

It is uncivil to say, to a whole dramatis personæ, that "they are all guilty of speaking falsehood;"

and yet, excepting old Acasto, and his young daughter, Serina, this may be said to every personage in the tragedy—therefore, it is proper it should be a tragedy, as such despicable conduct deserves exemplary punishment.

But the guilt of Castalio's falsehood is so ponderous, that the offences against truth, committed by his associates, are light in the balance with his duplicity—the wicked origin from whence came all subsequent deceit.

Otway borrowed his plot from the history of Brandon, in a novel, called, "English Adventures." After having chosen such a hazardous subject, few poets could have treated it even with his decorum—none could have rendered it so pathetic.

In those parts of the drama, where the peculiar tendency of the story has not beguiled him into licentiousness, he is chiefly to blame, in having made Chamont so exactly that which Acasto calls him, "an ungrateful ruffian"—and for having made Serina so sudden in her love, and so unabashed in the repeated declaration of it, before all her friends. She appears even more amorous than idiots are generally supposed to be. She wants capacity for a foil, and must not be named with the charming Monimia.

Many objections have been made by the critics, to the improbability of that mistake of one brother for the other, which produces the most fatal event of the whole play—but amongst the mistakes of the selfsame kind, which Shakspeare, and a number of other dramatists, have introduced in their works, this, by

Otway, is far the most natural of any that has yet been invented.

The author's disappointment, both as a soldier, and a courtier, may be traced in most of his dramas. He servilely flattered the court in his dedications, prologues, and epilogues; but when he spoke by the lips of his characters, then he spoke from his heart—And in the person of Pierre, in "Venice Preserved," as in Acasto here, he has breathed the spirit and the sufferings of poor Thomas Otway.

He had been a cornet of horse, before he was an author, and had served with the army in Flanders; but, on some account, was cashiered. That his offence was not of a disgraceful nature, may be conceived by the following lines in an epilogue to one of his plays; wherein he treats the circumstance of his dismission, too boldly, and too lightly, to admit the suspicion, that any humiliating imputation was, in consequence, attached to his character.

"But which amongst ye is there to be found,
Will take his three day's pawn, for fifty pound?
Or, now he is cashier'd, will fairly venture,
To give him ready money for's debenture?
Therefore, when he receiv'd the fatal doom,
This play came forth, in hopes his friends would come,
To help a poor, disbanded soldier home."

Dr. Johnson throws some doubt on the received opinion, that Otway was starved; or, rather, choked to death, by hastily devouring food, after long de-

privation. But if this admirable poet did not perish from the immediate want, or eager swallowing of nourishment, it is certain, that his health and strength were wasted through poverty, and the difficulty of obtaining even the ordinary subsistence which cherishes life.

The author of "The Orphan"—a drama which melted every bosom with compassion for the sufferings of human nature, however deservedly inflicted—was driven to the lowest haunts of the poor, to shield him from the contempt, to which his necessitous state would have reduced him, from the rich.—Near the close of his days, it is allowed by all his biographers, he took shelter from this threatened scorn, in a little public house on Tower Hill, where he expired—if not with hunger, or too violent an appetite in devouring a piece of bread which charity had bestowed,—with grief and pining abstinence.

This man, who is acknowledged to have painted the passions, especially the passion of love, more powerfully than any other dramatic author, was never in high esteem with his cotemporary writers. But Addison, who lived after him, and felt no prejudice from jealousy of a rival brother, has said of Otway—

"He has followed nature in the language of his tragedies, and, therefore, shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CASTALIO	*Mr. Pope.*
ACASTO	*Mr. Murray.*
POLYDORE	*Mr. Clarke.*
CHAPLAIN	*Mr. Powell.*
ERNESTO	*Mr. Thompson.*
PAGE	*Master Standen.*
CHAMONT	*Mr. Holman.*
SERINA	*Miss Mansel.*
FLORELLA	*Miss Leserve.*
MONIMIA	*Mrs. Pope.*

SCENE,—Bohemia.

THE ORPHAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and* PAGE.

Cast. Polydore, our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger:
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.
Pol. But then——
Cast. Ay, then, my brother, my friend, Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leap'd
To save Castalio.—'Twas a godlike act!
Pol. But when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh! my heart danc'd, to see your danger past!

The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.
Cast. So, Polydore, methinks, we might in war,
Rush on together; thou should'st be my guard,
And I be thine. What is't could hurt us then?
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home!
Pol. No, let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.
Cast. Our father
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, it is not safe that we should take it.
I own, I have duty very pow'rful in me:
And though I'd hazard all, to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.
Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy.
Will you be free and candid to your friend?
Cast. Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?
What can this mean?
Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To show your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to Heav'n.
Cast. I will.
Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.
Cast. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand, that ministers his cure.
Pol. That's kindly said.——You know our father's ward,

The fair Monimia:—is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?
Cast. Suppose I should?
Pol. Suppose you should not, brother?
Cast. You'd say, I must not.
Pol. That would sound too roughly,
'Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.
Cast. Is love a fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be——
What, if I love her?
Cast. Then I must inform you,
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim,
But will preserve the birthright of my passion.
Pol. You will.
Cast. I will.
Pol. No more; I've done.
Cast. Why not?
Pol. I told you, I had done.
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.
Cast. No;
Not with my Polydore:—though I must own,
My nature obstinate and void of suff'rance;
Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.
Pol. Yet, you will break this friendship!
Cast. Not for crowns.
Pol. But for a toy, you would, a woman's toy.
Unjust Castalio!
Cast. Pr'ythee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love Monimia.
Cast. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your rival?
Cast. No;—sure, we're such friends,

So much one man, that our affections too,
Must be united, and the same as we are.
Pol. I dote upon Monimia.
Cast. Love her still;
Win, and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.
Cast. No matter
Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.
Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?
Cast. Wed her!
No—were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth, beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom.—Marry!
When I am old and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.
Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so
To propagate his family and name.
You would not have yours die, and buried with you?
Cast. Mere vanity, and silly dotage, all:—
No, let me live at large, and, when I die—
Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?
Cast. My friend,
If he survives me; if not, my king,
Who may bestow 't again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.
Cast. By yon Heaven, I love
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys,
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.
Pol. And, by that Heaven, eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.
Whose shall Monimia be?
Cast. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?
Cast. I was; and should have met her here again;
But th' opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love.
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.
Urge all thy powers, to make thy passion prosper;
But wrong not mine.
Pol. By Heaven, I will not.
Cast. If't prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion)
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.
Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride;
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.

For if ye pow'rs have happiness in store,
When ye would shower down joys on Polydore,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a friend.
[*Exeunt* CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore this way?
Page. Madam, just now.
Mon. Sure, my ill fate's upon me:
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.—
Castalio! O Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,

That trusts his plaything to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, Cordelio; I must chide you, sir.
Page. Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?
Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for you:
Will you oblige me? shall I see you oftner?
Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul.
Mon. Tell me, Cordelio, (for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets)
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?
Page. O madam! very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipp'd, that tell their masters' secrets.
Mon. Fear not, Cordelio; it shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.
Page. And truly, madam, I had rather, be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?
Mon. Inform me how thou'st heard
Castalio, and his brother, use my name.
Page. With all the tenderness of love;
You were the subject of their last discourse,
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd——
Mon. What, good Cordelio?
Page. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have 'em, by my dearest hopes;
I would not be the argument of strife.

But surely my Castalio won't forsake me,
And make a mock'ry of my easy love!
Went they together?
Page. Yes, to see you, madam.
Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.
Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake, a prize for love in jest?
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it?
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
That heighten'd the debate?
Page. The fault was Polydore's.
Castalio play'd with love, and smiling show'd
The pleasure, not the pangs, of his desire.
He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom:
And marriage is a mortifying thing. [*Exit.*
Mon. Then I am ruin'd! if Castalio's false,
Where is there faith and honour to be found?
Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide
The weak, protect and take me to your care.
O, but I love him! There's the rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

He comes, the conqueror comes: lie still, my heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.
Cast. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave,
To tell you something that concerns you nearly:
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.
Mon. My Lord Castalio!

Cast. Madam?
Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
Why am I left with Polydore alone?
Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away: I must attend my father.
Mon. Will you then leave me thus?
Cast. But for a moment.
Mon. It has been otherwise: the time has been,
When business might have stay'd, and I been heard.
Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go—— [*Exit.*
Mon. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.
Well, my Lord Polydore, I guess your business,
And read th' illnatur'd purpose in your eyes.
Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an illnature, you accuse me justly.
Mon. Talk not of love, my lord, I must not hear it.
Pol. Who can behold such beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us words: Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal beasts:
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasure fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.
Mon. The first created pair indeed were bless'd;
They were the only objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?
Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever; Thus
Eternally admiring, fix, and gaze

On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
Darts thro' my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.
Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess indeed, I owe you more
Then ever I can hope, or think, to pay.
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;
And therefore when my tender parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his care.
Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat;
Come, these soft, tender limbs were made for yielding.
Mon. Here on my knees, by Heav'n's blest pow'r I swear, [*Kneels.*
If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.
Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
Was never in the right! y'are always false,
Or silly; ev'n your dresses are not more
Fantastic than your appetites; you think
Of nothing twice; opinion you have none.
To-day y'are nice, to-morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not: and all, you know not why!
Virtue you affect, inconstancy's your practice;
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;
Ev'ry rank fool goes down——
Mon. Indeed, my lord,
I own my sex's follies; I have 'em all;
And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high

As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all Nature's riches at my feet;
I'd rather run a savage in the woods,
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe,
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.— [*Exit.*

Pol. Who'd be that sordid thing call'd man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?
It shall be so: I'll yet possess my love,
Wait on, and watch her loose, unguarded hours;
Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,
I'th' very minute when her virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her, in a storm of love,
Beat down her guard of honour all before me,
Surfeit on joys, till ev'n desire grows sick;

Then, by long absence, liberty regain,
And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.
[*Exeunt* POLYDORE *and* PAGE.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Saloon.

Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Acast. To-day has been a day of glorious sport:
When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey!
Till, brandishing my well pois'd javelin high,
I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Cast. The actions of your life were always wondrous.

Acast. No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Cast. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her, as she's fair:
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.

Acast. Go to, y' are fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long since to bear revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer.
You both would fain be great, and to that end
Desire to do things worthy your ambition.
Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in every band. How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,
Yet now pine under want; while selfish slaves,
That e'en would cut their throats whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for!
Cast. These precepts suit not with my active mind,
Methinks I would be busy.
Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.
Acast. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud, ill manner'd knave in office.

Enter SERENA.

Ser. My lord, my father!
Acast. Blessings on my child!
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?
Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news;
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd, and entering.

Acast. By my soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relict of the best lov'd man!
Welcome from all the turmoils, and the hazards
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune!
Welcome as happy tidings after fears.
Cham. Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you!
Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. My brother!
Cham. O my sister, let me hold thee
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I've often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
With fancy'd joys, till morning cares awak'd me.
Another sister! sure, it must be so;
Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me, she has claim and interest there.
Acast. Young soldier, you've not only studied war,
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.
Cham. Is she your daughter! then my heart told true,
And I'm at least her brother by adoption,
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And by that patent, I have leave to love her.
Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me, men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love:

Is Chamont so? no, sure, he's more than man;
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.
Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy thro' all the house this day!
In ev'ry room let plenty flow at large!
It is the birthday of my royal master!
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return!
Cham. I have no bus'ness there;
I have not slavish temperance enough
T'attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord, that wrong'd me, for his favour.
Acast. This you could do. [*To his Sons.*
Cast. I'd serve my prince.
Acast. Who'd serve him?
Cast. I would, my lord.
Pol. And I; both would.
Acast. Away!
He needs not any servants such as you;
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath!
So just, that, were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong! How would you serve him?
Cast. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars:
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.
Pol. Die for him,
As ev'ry trueborn, loyal subject ought.
Acast. Let me embrace ye both! now by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy!
For this, be ever blest my marriage day!

Blest be your mother's memory, that bore you;
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour
That gave ye birth! Yes, my aspiring boys!
Ye shall have business, when your master wants you:
You cannot serve a nobler; I have serv'd him!
In this old body, yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I've with this tongue proclaim'd
His right, e'en in the face of rank rebellion:
And when the foulmouth'd traitor once profan'd
His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,
E'en at the head of all his giddy rout,
I rush'd, and clove the rebel to the chine.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arriv'd.
Acast. Go you, and give 'em welcome and reception. [*Exeunt* CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.
Cham. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance,
In something that concerns my peace and honour.
Acast. Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd!
So freely, friendly, we convers'd together.
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it;
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.
Cham. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor your justice,
Your bounty shown to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!
Acast. Pr'ythee no more of that, it grates my nature.
Cham. When our dear parents dy'd, they dy'd together;
One fate surpris'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em;
My father, with his dying breath, bequeath'd
Her to my love; my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,

Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me :
Then press'd me close, and, as she observ'd my tears,
Kiss'd them away ; said she, Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever show'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia : watch her youth ;
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour ;
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend. Then sigh'd,
Kiss'd me again ; so bless'd us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest nature.

Cham. The friend, Heav'n rais'd, was you ; you took her up,
An infant, to the desert world expos'd,
And prov'd another parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my fears.

Acast. Then why this argument ?

Cham. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

Acast. Go on.

Cham. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly ;
Good offices claim gratitude ; and pride,
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behindhand)
Pay over price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift ;
Distrust you me ?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate :
And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acast. Then first charge her ; and if th' offence be found
Within my reach, tho' it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [*Exit.*

Cham. I thank you, from my soul.
Mon. Alas, my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate;
You will not kill me?
Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost thou talk so?
Mon. Look kindly on me, then; I cannot bear
Severity;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently, like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.
Cham. Fear nothing, I will show myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother:
You've not forgot our father?
Mon. I never shall.
Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a man
That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once:
Tho' kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't than if possess'd
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely;
Now if, by any chance, Monimia,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me?
Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!
Cham. I'll tell thee, then; three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,

A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs:
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, which by turns caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure;
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me;
Then rose, and call'd for lights, when, O dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care;
Labour not to be justify'd too fast:
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me.
Through a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red:
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulder, had she wrapp'd,
The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of the way, which she inform'd me;
Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister! at that word I started!

Mon. The common cheat of beggars; every day
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.
Cham. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and Polydore, my sister.
Mon. Hah!
Cham. What, alter'd! does your courage fail?
Now by my father's soul, the witch was honest:
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game?
Mon. I will;
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their loves most true.
Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.
Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have press'd my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——
Cham. But Castalio!
Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse.
Yes, I confess, that he has won my soul
By gen'rous love, and honourable vows,
Which he this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.
Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?
Mon. When I'm unchaste, may Heaven reject my prayers;
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!
Cham. Oh, then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet blest man.
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtile, cruel, and unconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;

But, if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
I charge thee, let no more Castalio sooth thee;
Avoid it, as thou would'st preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

Mon. I will.

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great ones,
When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy.

[*Exit.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
For, O Castalio, thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
He comes! and now, for once, O love, stand neuter.
Whilst a hard part's perform'd; for I must 'tempt
Wound his soft nature, tho' my heart aches for't.

[*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia, Monimia!——She's gone;
And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes;
I am a fool, and she has found my weakness;
She uses me already like a slave
Fast bound in chains, to be chastis'd at will.
'Twas not well done to trifle with my brother.
I might have trusted him with all the secret,
Open'd my silly heart, and shown it bare.
But then, he loves her too; but none like me:
I am a doting honest slave, design'd
For bondage, marriage bonds, which I have sworn
To wear. It is the only thing I e'er
Hid from his knowledge, and he'll sure forgive
The first transgression of a wretched friend,
Betray'd to love, and all its little follies.

Enter POLYDORE *and* PAGE, *at the Door.*

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly,
If he should chance to meet Monimia, make
Just observation of each word and action,
Pass not one circumstance without remark:
Sir, 'tis your office, do't, and bring me word.
[*Exit* POLYDORE.

Enter MONIMIA.

Cast. Monimia, my angel; 'twas not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is desert:
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn,
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.
Mon. O the bewitching tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false Hyena makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den,
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all;
With sighs and plaints y' entice poor women's hearts,
And all, that pity you, are made your prey.
Cast. What means my love? Oh, how have I deserv'd
This language from the sov'reign of my joys!
Stop, stop these tears, Monimia, for they fall
Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky,
I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.
Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn!
Attempt no farther to delude my faith;
My heart is fix'd, and you shall shak't no more.
Cast. Who told you so? what hell-bred villain durst
Profane the sacred business of my love?

Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
The unhappy object of your father's charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.
Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.
For, Oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.
Mon. And was your love so very tame to shrink?
Or, rather than lose him, abandon me?
Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Talk'd as he talk'd, and granted all he ask'd;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,
And I for ever had Monimia lost.
Mon. Could you, then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.
Cast. Is this Monimia? surely no! till now
I ever thought her dovelike, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost:
You were made fair, on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch th'alluring bait,
And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.
Mon. When love ill plac'd would find a means to break——
Cast. It never wants pretences or excuse.
Mon. Man, therefore, was a lordlike creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty aspect given him for command;
Easily soften'd when he would betray.
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while;
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave

The ravag'd province ruinate and waste.
If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,
I find, that desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this, and bear an equal mind?
Since you will drive me from you, I must go:
But, O Monimia! when thou hast banish'd me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
As artful woman for her ends would chuse,
Shall ever dote as I have done: for, Oh!
No tongue my pleasures nor my pains can tell;
'Tis heaven to have thee, and, without thee, hell.

Mon. Castalio! stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.
These little quarrels love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsy thoughts, and wake my soul.
Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongue,
I'm ne'er so blest, as when I hear thy vows,
And listen to the language of thy heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here;
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak, might calm a madman's phrensy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.
Oh!
Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure, framing thee, Heaven took unusual care,
As its own beauty it design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter POLYDORE *and* PAGE.

Pol. Were they so kind? Express it to me all
In words; 'twill make me think I saw it too.
Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes:
Monimia rag'd; Castalio grew disturb'd:
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd submission, though love all the while
The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.
Pol. But what succeeded?
Page. Oh, 'twas wond'rous pretty!
For of a sudden all the storm was past:
A gentle calm of love succeeded it:
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd; Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister, in the orange grove,
When I was first preferr'd to be your page.
Pol. Happy Castalio! Now, by my great soul,
My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,
I'll have her yet; by my best hopes, I will.
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio, why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?

Traduc'd my honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me; surpris'd
Her thinking virtue, till she yielded quite.
So poachers basely pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.
Boy!

Page. My lord!

Pol. Go to your chamber, and prepare your lute;
Find out some song to please me, that describes
Women's hypocrisies, their subtile wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies;
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds;
The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told!

Pol. The matter?

Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale:
His speech forsook him; life itself seem'd fled,
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO, *supported by the* CHAPLAIN.

Acast. Support me; give me air; I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a slip decaying Nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore!
Your brother; where's Castalio?

Serv. My lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house!
He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acast. Not to be found! then where are all my friends?

I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour;
For I'm prepared to meet him; and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends about me.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest father's life!
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live till time itself decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!
Acast. Thank you, Castalio: give me both your hands,
And bear me up: I'd walk: so, now, methinks,
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.
My sons, as thus united, ever live;
And for th'estate, you'll find, when I am dead,
I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you shar'd my love:
Only to sweet Monimia I've bequeath'd
Ten thousand crowns; a little portion for her,
To wed her honourably, as she's born.
Be not less friends because you're brothers.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My father!
Acast. My heart's darling!
Ser. Let my knees
Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep, till Heav'n restore my father.
Acast. Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs are answer'd.
For thou'rt a wond'rous extract of all goodness.
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. My lord, may't prove not an unlucky omen!
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing too.
Acast. May'st thou be happy!
Cham. Where?
Acast. In all thy wishes.
Cham. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine:
I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal love out with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour the abundance of my soul.
Acast. What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?
One born to honour, and to honour bred?
One that has learnt to treat e'en foes with kindness;
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself?
Ser. Oh! name not love, for that's ally'd to joy;
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good fortune
Render him lovely to some happier maid!
Whilst I, at friendly distance, see him blest,
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.
Acast. Chamont, pursue her, conquer, and possess her,
And, as my son, a third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.
Chamont, you told me of some doubts that press'd you:
Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend?
Cham. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction,

For any blessing I could wish for:
As to my fears, already I have lost them:
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.
Acast. I thank you.
My friends, 'tis late:
Now my disorder seems all past and over,
And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.
Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.
Acast. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness.
Good night, my friends! Heav'n guard you all! Good night!
To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.
[*Exeunt all but* CHAMONT *and* CHAPLAIN.
Cham. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour:
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.
Chap. Sir, you're a soldier?
Cham. Yes.
Chap. I love a soldier;
And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me.
Cham. Have you had long dependence on this family?
Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time's
Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical: he has goodnature,
And I have manners:
His sons, too, are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
I meddle with no man's business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely;

So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*
Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why, didst thou love him?

Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him; besides, he was my patron's friend.

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very notion:
If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou would'st not be an enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's foe.

Cham. Then, pr'ythee, tell me;
Think'st thou the Lord Castalio loves my sister?

Chap. Love your sister!

Cham. Ay, love her!

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care; for this may lay
A scene of mischief to undo us all.
But, tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

Chap. Ay, sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:
What shall I give thee for't! thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. By the reverenc'd soul
Of that great honest man, that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,
And, if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!
May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!

Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.
Cham. Wilt thou?
Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you——
Cham. It never shall.
Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was busy,
When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,
As I was walking in the grove, I met them.
Cham. What! met them in the grove together?
Chap. I, by their own appointment, met them there,
Receiv'd their marriage vows, and join'd their hands.
Cham. How! married?
Chap. Yes, sir.
Cham. Then my soul's at peace:
But why would you so long delay to give it?
Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old Acasto; may be, I was too cautious
To trust the secret from me.
Cham. What's the cause,
I cannot guess, though 'tis my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage,
Huddled i'th' dark, and done at too much venture;
The business looks with an unlucky face.
Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new match'd pair. Farewell!
Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

Cast. Young Chamont and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look
Seems no good boding omen to our bliss;
Else, pr'ythee, tell me why that look cast down,
Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart was breaking?

Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done:
The heavenly powers were sure displeas'd to-day;
For, at the ceremony as we stood,
And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul:
What should that mean?
Cast. Oh, thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!

Enter POLYDORE.

But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.
Mon. 'Twill be impossible:
You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.
Cast. Impossible! impossible! alas!
Is't possible to live one hour without thee?
What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.
Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for, if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.
Cast. Oh! doubt not, Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse:
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and every power dissolv'd!
Away, my love! first take this kiss. Now haste:
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.
[*Exit* MONIMIA.
My brother wand'ring too so late this way?

Pol. Castalio!
Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? is he well recover'd?
Pol. I left him happily repos'd to rest:
He's still as gay as if his life was young.
But how does fair Monimia?
Cast. Doubtless well:
A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleas'd,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.
Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?
Cast. She's not woman else:
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.
Met ye to-day?
Cast. No; she has avoided me:
Her brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my father:
I wish I'd never meddled with the matter:
And would enjoin thee, Polydore——
Pol. To what?
Cast. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.
Pol. What, quit my love? as soon I'd quit my post
In fight, and like a coward run away.
No, by my stars, I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another.
Cast. Nay, she has beauty that might shake the leagues
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds:
But I have wondrous reasons on my side,
That would persuade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then speak 'em:
What are they? Came ye to her window here
To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;
Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,

But I can discern your purpose to abuse me:
Quit your pretences to her.
Cast. Grant I do;
You love capitulation, Polydore,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.
Pol. You say, you've reasons: why are they conceal'd?
Cast. To-morrow I may tell you.
Pol. Why not now?
Cast. It is a matter of such circumstance,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.
But pr'ythee cease to think I would abuse thee,
Till more be known.
Pol. When you, Castalio, cease
To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend:
Did I not see you part this very moment?
Cast. It seems, you've watch'd me then?
Pol. I scorn the office.
Cast. Pr'ythee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.
Pol. That is, henceforward making leagues with you.
Cast. Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good night.
[*Exit.*
Pol. Good night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.
He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment:
But to his chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my love:
This is the utmost point of all my hopes;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
Oh, for a means now how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder brother!
In ev'ry thing we do or undertake,
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord!
Pol. Come hither, boy!
Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment; canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?
Page. My lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.
Pol. 'Tis pity, then, thou should'st not be employ'd.
Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest;
Find out some means to keep him up a while:
Tell him a pretty story, that may please
His ear: invent a tale, no matter what:
If he should ask of me, tell him, I'm gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he'll hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore,
Dissemble with thy brother! that's one point.
But do not leave him, till he's in his bed,
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.
Page. Doubt not, my lord: he has been always kind
To me; would often set me on his knees,
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at nights.
Pol. Run quickly then, and prosp'rous be thy wishes. [*Exit* PAGE.

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief; now
To cheat this brother, will't be honest that?
I heard the sign, she order'd him to give.
Oh for the art of Proteus, but to change
Th' unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio!
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then, when I'm happily possess'd of more
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give the unregarded signal; Oh!
What a malicious pleasure will that be!
"Just three soft strokes against the chamber door;
But speak not the least word, for if you should,
It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd."
How I adore a mistress, that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joys!
One that has wit to charm the very soul!
And give a double relish to delight!
Blest Heav'ns, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please!
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the sign.*

Florella. [*At the Window.*] Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Flor. My Lord Castalio?

Pol. The same;
How does my love, my dear Monimia?

Flor. Oh!
She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've staid so long, that at each little noise
The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

Pol. Tell her, I'm here, and let the door be open'd,
[FLORELLA *descends.*
Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss!
[*The Door unbolts.*
It opens: Ha! what means my trembling flesh!

Limbs, do your office, and support me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO *and* PAGE.

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning:
Pray let us hunt.
Cast. Go, you're an idle prattler,
I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds: go, leave me;
I must to bed.
Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.
Cast. No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted;
My senses are quite disrob'd of thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good night: commend me to my brother.
Page. Oh!
You never heard the last new song I learn'd;
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were caught
Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.
Cast. You must be whipp'd, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.
What means this boy's impertinence to-night?
Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?
Cast. Psalms, child, psalms.
Page. O dear me! boys, that go to school, learn psalms;
But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.
Cast. Well, leave me; I'm weary.
Page. Oh! but you promised me, last time I told you what colour my Lady Monimia's stockings were of, and that she gartered them above knee, that you would give me a little horse, to go a-hunting upon,

so you did. I'll tell you no more stories, except you keep your word with me.

Cast. Well, go, you trifler, and to-morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed my lord, I was not:
But, I know what I know.

Cast. What dost thou know? 'Sdeath! what can all this mean!

Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.

Cast. What's that to me, boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. That's a wonder! pr'ythee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the horse, then?

Cast. I will, my child.

Page. It is my Lady Monimia, look you; but don't you tell her I told you: she'll give me no more playthings then. I heard her say so, as she lay a-bed, man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?

Page. Yes; and I sung her the song you made too;
And she did so sigh, and look with her eyes!

Cast. Hark! What's that noise?
Take this, begone, and leave me.
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

[*Exit* PAGE.

Surely it was a noise, hist!——only fancy.
For all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd,
'Tis now, that guided by my love, I go
To take possession of Monimia's arms.
Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.
At midnight thus the us'rer steals untrack'd,
To make a visit to his hoarded gold,
And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon.

[*Knocks.*

She hears me not; sure she already sleeps!
Her wishes could not brook so long delay,

Cast. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto! [*Rises.*
I'd leave the world, for him that hates a woman!
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful, woman!
Woman to man first as a blessing given;
When innocence and love were in their prime,
Happy a while in Paradise they lay;
But quickly woman long'd to go astray:
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love:
To his temptations, lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and, for an apple, damn'd mankind.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Saloon.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Blest be the morning, that has brought me health!
A happy rest has soften'd pain away,

And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well:
A heavy melancholy clogs my heart;
I droop and sigh, I know not why.—Dark dreams,
Sick fancy's children, have been over busy,
And all the night play'd farces in my brains.
But 'twas the effect of my distemper'd blood:
And, when the health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly.

Enter POLYDORE.

Good morning, Polydore.
Pol. Heav'n keep your lordship!
Acast. Have you yet seen Castalio to-day?
Pol. My lord, 'tis early day;—he's hardly risen.
Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel.
[*Exit* POLYDORE.
I cannot think all has gone well to-night;
For, as I waking lay, (and sure my sense
Was then my own) methought I heard my son
Castalio's voice; but it seem'd low and mournful;
Under my window, too, I thought I heard it.
My untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing; and I will search the truth out.

Enter MONIMIA *and* FLORELLA.

Already up, Monimia! you rose
Thus early, surely, to outshine the day!
Or was there any thing, that cross'd your rest?
They were naughty thoughts, that would not let you sleep.
Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my lord, I've learnt,
By your example, to correct their ills,
And morn and evening give up the account.
Acast. Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;

Or, if I would, you are so good, I could not.
Heard you no noise to-night?

Mon. Noise! my good lord?

Acast. About midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must, sure!—Went you early to your rest?

Mon. About the wonted hour.—Why this inquiry? [*Aside.*

Acast. And went your maid to bed too?

Mon. My lord, I guess so;—
I've seldom known her disobey my orders.

Acast. I'll have inquiry made through all the house,
But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.
Good day to thee, Monimia——I'll to chapel.
[*Exit* ACASTO.

Mon. I'll but despatch some orders to my woman,
And wait upon your lordship there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Wish'd morning's come! And now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the newborn day.
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and, with their notes,


ORPHAN
MONIMIA — WHAT? SPEAK?
ARE THOU NOT WEAK, CASTALIO?
ACT IV. SCENE II.
DRAWN BY C. STEATH
PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO.
ENGRAVED BY J. HEATH

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Salute and welcome up the rising sun.
There's no condition sure so curs'd as mine——
I'm married !—'Sdeath, I'm sped ! How like a dog
Look'd Hercules, thus to a distaff chain'd !—
Monimia ! O Monimia !

Enter MONIMIA *and* FLORELLA.

Mon. I come !
I fly to my ador'd Castalio's arms,
My wishes' lord. May every morn begin
Like this : and, with our days, our loves renew !
Cast. Oh————
Mon. What ! speak !—
Art thou not well, Castalio ? Come lean
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.
Cast. 'Tis here—'tis in my head—'tis in my heart—
'Tis every where : it rages like a madness,
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
Nay, wonder not, Monimia ; the slave,
You thought you had secur'd within my breast,
Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,
And now he walks there, like a lord at large.—
No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts :
They're useless all—I'm not that pliant tool,
That necessary utensil you'd make me ;
I know my charter better——I am man,
Obstinate man, and will not be enslav'd !
Mon. You shall not fear't—indeed, my nature's easy :
I'll ever live, your most obedient wife !
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will ; for that shall be my law ;—
Indeed I will not.
Cast. Nay, you shall not, madam ;—
By yon bright heav'n, you shall not : all the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee ;
Till, by afflictions, and continu'd cares,

I have worn thee to a homely, household drudge;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser pleasures;
For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

Mon. Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence!
I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,
Thus follow you all day, till they're worn bare,
And hang upon you, like a drowning creature.—
Castalio!——

Cast. Away!——Last night! last night!——

Mon. It was our wedding night.

Cast. No more!—Forget it!

Mon. Why! do you then repent?

Cast. I do.

Mon. O Heaven!
And will you leave me thus?—Help! help! Florella!

[*He drags her to the Door, breaks from her, and exit.*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd, cruel, man!——
Castalio!—Oh! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change—the sun and stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his vows to me!
Make haste, confusion, then! Sun, lose thy light!
And, stars, drop dead, with sorrow to the earth,
For my Castalio's false!

Flor. Unhappy day!

Mon. False, as the wind, the waters, or the weather!—
Cruel, as tigers o'er their trembling prey!—
I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
And, at each sigh, he drinks the gushing blood!
Must I be long in pain!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. In tears, Monimia!

Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd despair!

Cham. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee!—
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and, then,
See if my soul has rest, till thou hast justice.
Mon. My brother!
Cham. Yes, Monimia; if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
Mon. O Castalio!
Cham. Ha!
Name me that name again! my soul's on fire
Till I know all!—There's meaning in that name:—
I know he is thy husband; therefore, trust me
With all the following truth—
Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it, but the fault of nature;—
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.
Cham. You use me ill, Monimia—
And I might think, with justice, most severely,
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.
Mon. Truly, I'm not to blame—suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not do so, would you?
Cham. Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.
Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?—
I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before:—
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther;
For every probing pains me to the heart.
Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be prob'd.
Where's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs you—
What! only answer me with tears!—Castalio!—

Nay, now they stream :—
Cruel, unkind, Castalio !—Is't not so ?
Mon. I cannot speak ;—grief flows so fast upon me,
It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh——
Cham. My Monimia ! to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name :
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee ?
Mon. Oh ! I dare not.
Cham. I have no friend, but thee.
Two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are ! and, when I see thee grieve,
Methinks, it is a part of me that suffers.
Mon. Could you be secret ?
Cham. Secret as the grave.
Mon. But, when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds ?—Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief ? For, indeed, Chamont,
You would not think, how hardly I've been us'd
From a dear friend ;—from one, that has my soul
A slave, and, therefore, treats it like a tyrant.
Cham. I will be calm :—But, has Castalio wrong'd thee ?
Has he already wasted all his love ?
What has he done ? quickly ! for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale !
Mon. Oh ! could you think it !
Cham. What ?
Mon. I fear he'll kill me !
Cham. Ha !
Mon. Indeed, I do :—he's strangely cruel to me ;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.
Cham. What has he done ?
Mon. Most barbarously us'd me.
At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.
But when we met, and I, with open arms,

Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh then!—
Cham. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.
Cham. How!
Mon. As I hung, too,
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me, like a slave, upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.
Cham. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn?
Mon. He did!
Cham. What! throw thee from him?
Mon. Yes, indeed he did!
Cham. So may this arm
Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog despis'd.
Lameness and leprosy; blindness and lunacy;
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!
Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!—
Did'st thou not promise me, thou would'st be calm?
Keep my disgrace conceal'd?
Alas, I love him still! And though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, gods! where'er he goes!

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Sure, some ill fate is towards me—in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder.
Just this very moment
I met Castalio too——
Cham. Then you met a villain.
Acast. Ha!
Cham. Yes, a villain!

Acast. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou art too busy with Acasto's fame—
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance:—
Villain to thee.
Cham. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!
Acast. Ungrateful ruffian! sure, my good old friend,
Was ne'er thy father! Nothing of him's in thee!
What have I done, in my unhappy age
To be thus us'd! I scorn to upbraid thee, boy!
But I could put thee in remembrance——
Cham. Do!
Acast. I scorn it.
Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the story;
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most.——Ha! is not that good old Acasto!
What have I done!—Can you forgive this folly?
Acast. Why dost thou ask it?
Cham. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing
Of too much passion—Pray, my lord, forgive me.
[*Kneels.*
Acast. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge a wrong.
Cham. I know it well—but for this thought of mine,
Pity a madman's phrensy, and forget it.
Acast. I will—but, henceforth, pr'ythee, be more kind. [*Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?
Cham. Indeed, I've been to blame;
For you've been my father—
You've been her father too—
[*Takes* MONIMIA *by the Hand.*
Acast. Forbear the prologue,
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cham. You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and with a careful, loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: there long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Till, at the last, a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.
Acast. You talk to me in parables, Chamont:
You may have known, that I'm no wordy man.
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use them, when they want good sense:
But honesty
Needs no disguise or ornament. Be plain.
Cham. Your son——
Acast. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.
Cham. I hope so too—but——
Acast. Speak.
Cham. I must inform you,
Once more, Castalio——
Acast. Still Castalio!
Cham. Yes—
Your son, Castalio, has wrong'd Monimia!
Acast. Ha! wrong'd her?
Cham. Marry'd her.
Acast. I'm sorry for't.
Cham. Why sorry?
By yon blest Heav'n, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.
Acast. I'll not deny't.
Cham. You dare not; by the gods,
You dare not. All your family combin'd,
In one damn'd falsehood, to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny't.
Acast. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him—I say, my sister's wrong'd:
Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble, as Castalio.—Do her justice,
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't—Hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

Acast. You shall have justice.

Cham. Nay, I will have justice!
Who'll sleep in safety, that has done me wrong?
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you, (to preserve
Your house's honour,) ask it of Castalio.

Acast. Farewell, proud boy.—
Monimia!

Mon. My lord.

Acast. You are my daughter.

Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a father. [*Exit.*

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever; who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I've lost Acasto now, his parting frowns
May well instruct me rage is in his heart,
I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,
Thrust out, a naked wand'rer to the world,
And branded for the mischievous Monimia!
What will become of me! my cruel brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for aught I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder!
I would not be the cause of one man's death,
To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more.
I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,
My dear, unkind Castalio. [*Sits.*

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. Monimia weeping!
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee:
What mean these sighs? and why thus beats thy heart?
Mon. Let me alone to sorrow; 'tis a cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.
Pol. Happy, Monimia, he, to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings are paid!
I know your heart was never meant for me;
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.
Mon. My lord!
Pol. Nay, wonder not, last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces: heard the appointment made;
I did, Monimia, and I curs'd the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?
Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne'er my friend again!
Pol. What means my love?
Mon. Away! what meant my lord
Last night?
Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?
I hope Monimia was not much displeased.
Mon. Was it well done
T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me, if I deny'd admittance——
You said, you were Castalio——
Pol. By those eyes,
It was the same: I spent my time much better;
I tell thee, illnatur'd fair one, I was posted
To more advantage, on a pleasant hill
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.
Mon. Ha!—have a care!
Pol. Where is the danger near me?

Mon. I fear, you're on a rock, will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever.
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?
Pol. I'd trust thee with my life; on those soft breasts,
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I had nothing in it left but love.
Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you, by the gods and angels,
By the honour of your name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?
Pol. Within thy arms
I triumph'd—rest had been my foe.
Mon. 'Tis done—— [*She faints.*
Pol. She faints! no help! who waits? A curse
Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence!
Confusion! we shall be surpris'd anon;
And consequently all must be betray'd.
Monimia!—she breathes!—Monimia!——
Mon. Well——
Let mischiefs multiply! let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
O let the sun, to these unhappy eyes,
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing, I look on, seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity!
And grow a curser of the works of nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. O Polydore! if all
The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood; if you ever lov'd
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.
Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,
As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?

Mon. Oh! I'm his wife!
Pol. What says Monimia!
Mon. I'm Castalio's wife!
Pol. His marry'd, wedded wife!
Mon. Yesterday's sun
Saw it perform'd!
Pol. My brother's wife!——
Oh! thou may'st yet be happy!
Mon. Could'st thou be
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?
Pol. It may be yet a secret—I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee!
Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.
Mon. Then thou would'st more undo me: heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head!—
Would'st thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms?—Curs'd thought!
Oh! when shall I be mad indeed! [*Exit.*
Pol. Then thus I'll go—
Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam:
I'll find some place where adders nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous: where poisons hang
Like gums against the walls: there I'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation.
Desire shall languish, like a withering flower:
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Garden.

CASTALIO *lying on the Ground.*

Soft Music.

Cast. See, where the deer trot after one another:
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,
Calm harbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion:—if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster——
Once in a season too, they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave,
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Castalio! Castalio!
Cast. Who's there
So wretched but to name Castalio?
Acast. I hope my message may succeed.
Cast. My father!
'Tis joy to see you, tho' where sorrow's nourish'd.
Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.
Cast. Sure my lord but mocks me:
Go see Monimia!

Acast. I say, no more dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.
Cast. Who has complain'd?
Acast. Her brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd
And in such terms, they've warm'd me.
Cast. What terms: Her brother! Heav'n!
Where learnt she that?
What, does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not, sure, affront you?
Acast. No, not much:
But——
Cast. Speak, what said he?
Acast. That thou wert a villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.
Cast. Shame on the ill manner'd brute!
Your age secur'd him; he durst not else have said so.
Acast. By my sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have pass'd my word she shall have justice.
Cast. Justice! to give her justice would undo her:
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Left joys, just op'ning to my sense, sought here
A place to curse my fate in, measur'd out
My grave at length, wish'd to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. Where is the hero, famous and renown'd
For wronging innocence, and breaking vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?
Acast. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio.

Cham. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.
Cast. The slave is here.
Cham. I thought ere now to have found you
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont:
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in his heart;
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.
Cast. Then you are Chamont?
Cham. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.
Cast. I've heard of such a man,
That has been very busy with my honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again
You sent me by my father.
Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*
Acast. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence,
Makes me his foe—— [*Draws and interposes.*
Cast. Sir, in my younger years with care you taught me,
That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour:
Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.
Cham. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,
Because thou know'st that place is sanctify'd
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.
Cast. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st for.
Cham. She wrong'd thee! by that fury in my heart,
Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.
Acast. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
With thy capricious follies; the remembrance
Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms——

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.
Cast. It shall not.
Cham. No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though th' unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud, imperious traitor!
Cast. Ha! set me free.
Cham. Come both.
Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to show your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.
Cham. Till then I am Castalio's friend.
Acast. Would I'd been absent when this boist'rous brave
Came to disturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just resentment——But Monimia——
Cast. Damn her.
Acast. Don't curse her.
Cast. Did I?
Acast. Yes.
Cast. I'm sorry for't.
Acast. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.
Cast. No.
Acast. What has she done?
Cast. That she's my wife, may Heaven and you forgive me!
Acast. Be reconcil'd then.
Cast. No.
Acast. For my sake,
Castalio, and the quiet of my age.
Cast. Why will you urge a thing, my nature starts at?
Acast. Pr'ythee forgive her.
Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.

I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wondrous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter FLORELLA.

Flor. My lord, where are you?
Oh, show me quickly where's Castalio?
Acast. Why, what's the business?
Flor. Oh, the poor Monimia!——
Cast. Ha!
Acast. What's the matter?
Flor. Hurry'd by despair,
She flies with fury over all the house;
Through every room of each apartment, crying,
"Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!"
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted!
Cast. Ha! will she? Does she name Castalio?
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor, lovely mourner.
Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose!
Cast. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
And be a man: my heart will not forget her.
Acast. Delay not then, but haste, and cheer thy love.
Cast. Oh! I will throw my impatient arms about her;
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,
Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia! Oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room;
I will not rest, till I have found Castalio,
My wish's lord, comely as rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known!
Flowers spring up where'er he treads, his eyes,
Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him?
When will they shine on me? Oh, stay, my soul!
I cannot die in peace, till I have seen him.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Who talks of dying, with a voice so sweet,
That life's in love with it?
Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
Where art thou?
Cast. Here, my love.
Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.
Cast. Have I been in a dream then all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?
Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.
Cast. Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?

I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet pr'ythee, tyrant, break not quite my heart,
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.
Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness,
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I have so wrong'd.
Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.
Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks: have not I wrong'd thee?
Cast. No.
Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio,
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.
Cast. My better angel, then do thou inform me
What danger threatens me, and where it lies;
Why did'st thou, (pr'ythee smile, and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the window,
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness inclos'd, and the winds whistled round me;
With which my mournful sighs made such sad music,
As might have mov'd the hardest heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?
Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change, and horror from within me?
Cast. Then there is something yet, which I've not known.
What dost thou mean by horror and forbearance
Of mere inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And don't betray me to a second madness.
Mon. Must I?
Cast. If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,
Thou would'st do any thing to give me ease,

Unfold this riddle, ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.
Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember?
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again——
Cast. Ne'er meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Cast. Where's the power
On earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance; I serv'd
A long and faithful slavery for thee:
And who shall rob me of the dear bought blessing?
Mon. Time will clear all; but now let this content you;
Heaven has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd,
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio)
Ever to be a stranger to thy love,
In some far distant country waste my life,
And from this day to see thy face no more.
Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest;
Why turn'st thou from me; I'm alone already.
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd;
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.
Mon. Ah! poor Castalio! [*Exit* MONIMIA.

Cast. What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.
Cast. Who's there?——
Pol. Why, what art thou?——
Cast. My brother Polydore?
Pol. My name is Polydore.
Cast. Canst thou inform me——
Pol. Of what?
Cast. Of my Monimia?
Pol. No. Good day!
Cast. In haste!
Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.
Pol. Indeed! and so to me does my Castalio.
Cast. Do I?
Pol. Thou dost.
Cast. Alas, I've wondrous reason;
I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.
Pol. Why?
Cast. Oh! to tell thee would but put thy heart
To pain! Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.
Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first,
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?
Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear

Like a false friendship, when, with open arms
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast;
Oh ! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort !
Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.
Cast. Dost thou not love me, then ?
Pol. Oh, more than life:
I never had a thought of my Castalio,
Might wrong the friendship, we had vow'd together:
Hast thou dealt so by me ?
Cast. I hope I have.
Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder ?
Cast. O Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.
Pol. I grieve, my friend
Knows any thing which he's asham'd to tell me;
Or did'st thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore ?
Cast. Oh, much too oft;
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind affection of a brother,
(For I'm asham'd to call myself thy friend)
Forgive me.——
Pol. Well, go on.
Cast. Our destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy love !
Thou, like a friend, a constant, gen'rous friend,
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.
Pol. How !
Cast. Still new ways I studied to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.
Pol. Ah, Castalio, was that well done ?
Cast. No; to conceal't from thee, was much a fault.

Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then!
Cast. How my heart throbs!
Pol. First, for thy friendship, traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this day I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio!
This, witness Heaven!
Cast. What will my fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why!
What means this, brother?
Pol. Perjur'd, treach'rous wretch!
Farewell!
Cast. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.
Pol. Never.
Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How, from our infancy, we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life in love together.
One bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions, still employ'd our thoughts,
Whene'er had I a friend, that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a foe, that was not mine?
E'en in the womb w'embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?
Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,
Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?
Pol. Go to Monimia; in her arms thoul't find
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.
Cast. What arts?
Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband! there's a question!
Is she not a——
Cast. What!
Pol. Whore? I think that word needs no explaining.
Cast. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee:
But, let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd

To find thee guilty of such low revenge,
To wrong that virtue, which thou could'st not ruin!
Pol. It seems, I lie, then!
Cast. Should the bravest man,
That e'er wore conqu'ring sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
My friend may be mistaken.
Pol. Damn the evasion!
Thou mean'st the worst! and he's a base-born villain,
That said, I ly'd.
Cast. Do draw thy sword, and thrust it through my heart;
There is no joy in life, if thou art lost.
A base-born villain!
Pol. Yes! thou never cam'st
From old Acasto's loins: the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother; and, instead
Of a true brother, in the cradle by me,
Plac'd some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he!
Cast. Thou art my brother still.
Pol. Thou ly'st!
Cast. Nay, then! [*He draws.*
Yet I am calm.
Pol. A coward's always so.
Cast. Ah!—ah!—that stings home: Coward!
Pol. Ay, base-born coward! villain!
Cast. This to thy heart, then, though my mother bore thee!
[*They fight;* POLYDORE *drops his Sword, and runs on* CASTALIO'S.
Pol. Now my Castalio is again my friend.
Cast. What have I done! my sword is in thy breast.
Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend!
Cast. Ye gods! we're taught, that all your works are justice:

Ye're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?
Pol. Blame not the heav'ns: here lies thy fate, Castalio!
Th'are not the gods, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee:
I've stain'd thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.
Cast. By thee!
Pol. By me; last night the horrid deed
Was done, when all things slept but rage and incest.
Cast. Now where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. I'm here: who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice,
Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? here's blood!
Cast. Ay, brother's blood!
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains?
Pol. Oh! let me charge thee, by th' eternal Justice,
Hurt not her tender life!
Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye pow'rs above, with all your choicest torments,
Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise cruelty upon her,
And wreak revenge some way yet never known.
Mon. That task myself have finish'd: I shall die
Before we part: I've drunk a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.
Pol. Oh, she's innocent.
Cast. Tell me that story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.
Pol. Had'st thou, Castalio, us'd me like a friend,
This ne'er had happen'd: had'st thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy:

But, ignorant of that,
Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou had'st undone me in successful love,
I, in the dark, went and supply'd thy place;
Whilst all the night, 'midst our triumphant joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her Castalio.

[*Dies.*

Cast. And all this is the work of my own fortune!
None but myself could e'er have been so curs'd!
My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e'er made,
Or ever human eyes and hearts ador'd!
I've murder'd too my brother?
Why would'st thou study ways to damn me farther,
And force the sin of parricide upon me?

Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cast. Oh, I'm the unhappy wretch, whose cursed fate
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him:
Why then thus kind to me?

Mon. When I'm laid low i'th' grave, and quite forgotten,
May'st thou be happy in a fairer bride!
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)
Speak well of me: and, if you find ill tongues
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd:
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy love.

[*Dies.*

Cast. If I survive thee! what a thought was that!
Thank Heav'n, I go prepar'd against that curse.

Enter CHAMONT *and* ACASTO.

Cham. Gape, earth, and swallow me to quick destruction,
If I forgive your house!
Ye've overpower'd me now!
But, hear me, Heav'n!—Ah! here's a scene of death!
My sister, my Monimia, breathless!——Now,
Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike!
Strike bolts through me, and through the curs'd Castalio!

Cast. Stand off! thou hot-brain'd, boist'rous, noisy ruffian!
And leave me to my sorrows!

Cham. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;
But here remain, till my heart burst with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish, I charge thee! or——
[*Draws a Dagger.*

Cham. Thou canst not kill me!
That would be kindness, and against thy nature!

Acast. What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt not pull
More sorrows on thy aged father's head!

Cast. Thou, unkind Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him, that never wrong'd thee:
Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come join with me, and curse——

Cham. What?

Cast. First thyself,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth.

Acast. Have patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the winds,
To roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves,
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe them.
Strip me of all the common needs of life,

Scald me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but, curs'd to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.
[*Stabs himself.*
Chamont, to thee, my birthright I bequeath;—
Comfort my mourning father—heal his griefs;
[ACASTO *faints into the Arms of a* SERVANT.
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him——
And, for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina——
Now all I beg is, lay me in one grave
Thus with my love——Farewell! I now am—nothing.
[*Dies.*

Cham. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
To search the means by which the fates have plagu'd us.
'Tis thus, that Heav'n its empire does maintain:
It may afflict; but man must not complain.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

VENICE PRESERVED;

OR,

A PLOT DISCOVERED;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY THOMAS OTWAY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

The author of this popular tragedy died in the reign of Charles the second. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Trotting, in Sussex, where his father resided, in 1651.

Otway received his early education at a school near Winchester, and then became a commoner of Christ Church, Oxford. Soon after his return from the university, his passionate admiration of dramatic amusements, induced him to venture his abilities on the stage, as an actor: In this attempt he wholly mistook the department of the theatre, which his talents were calculated to grace: but not till he had changed the profession of a comedian for that of a soldier, and had served in Flanders as a cornet of horse, did he try the force of his genius in the art, by which he has procured his renown.

"Venice Preserved" is the favourite work of Otway. It is played repeatedly every year; except when an order from the Lord Chamberlain forbids its representation, lest some of the speeches of Pierre should be applied, by the ignorant part of the audience, to certain men, or assemblies, in the English state.

The story of this play is taken from St. Real's Conspiracy of the Marquis de Bedamar, and the Duke d'Ossuna, against the republic of Venice: and, amongst a great deal of political declamation, anger, and fury, is interwoven the tenderest, and most pathetic distress. It is Otway's highest praise, that he moves his audience to pity, more than any other dramatic writer.

The passion of love, finely portrayed on the stage, is supposed to engage every heart, because it is supposed, that every heart has already been softened by its power.—But, although an audience be chiefly composed of the unmarried part of society, still conjugal love has a deeper interest in the bosom of every auditor, than any other affection. The connubial state of Jaffier and Belvidera causes that sympathy in their grief from beholders, which, neither the harmonious numbers of the poet, nor the exquisite acting of the performers, could awaken, merely on the part of two lovers. Some passages of this tragedy have, however, been attributed to the sentiments which the author's own sufferings inspired, rather than to the fictitious woes of those, his creatures of imagination.—

Though the poverty of authors be proverbial, Otway appears to have been among the poorest, and most destitute of all the class. The following lines, spoken by Jaffier, were, probably, written with the exact feelings, which his own distresses had aroused.

" There's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
" But's happier than me: for I have known
" The luscious sweets of plenty," &c.

And farther,

"Tell me why, good Heaven,
"Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
"Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
"That fill the happiest man?——
"Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?

It is reported, that the author of "Venice Preserved" perished for want of food: and, whatsoever well-disposed person shall read his Dedication of this very tragedy to the Duchess of Portsmouth (one of King Charles's mistresses), wherein he calls her—"The pious mother of a prince, whose blooming virtues declare the mighty stock he comes from"—such reader will own, that, if he *were* starved to death, the event at least, did some honour to his patroness;—as it showed her proper contempt for his base flattery.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
DUKE OF VENICE	*Mr. Maddocks.*	*Mr. Davenport.*
PRIULI	*Mr. Powell.*	*Mr. Murray.*
BEDAMAR	*Mr. Raymond.*	*Mr. Brunton.*
PIERRE	*Mr. Barrymore.*	*Mr. Cooke.*
JAFFIER	*Mr. H. Siddons.*	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
RENAULT	*Mr. Eyre.*	*Mr. Chapman.*
ELLIOT	*Mr. Webb.*	*Mr. Creswell.*
SPINOSA	*Mr. Carles.*	*Mr. Claremont.*
THEODORE	*Mr. Male.*	*Mr. L. Bologna.*
MEZZANA	*Mr. Evans.*	*Mr. King.*
DURAND		*Mr. Jefferies.*
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	*Mr. Cooke.*	*Mr. Field.*
OFFICER	*Mr. Fisher.*	*Mr. Treby.*
EXECUTIONER		*Mr. Powers.*
BELVIDERA	*Mrs. Powell.*	*Mrs. Siddons.*

VENICE PRESERVED.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

St. Mark's.

Enter PRIULI *and* JAFFIER.

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!

Jaff. Not hear me! by my sufferings, but you shall!
My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Priuli. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.—
Wrong'd you?

Priuli. Yes, wrong'd me! in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home

From travel, with such hopes as made you look'd on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have us'd me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh! Belvidera!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you; your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; enter'd first yourself;
Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep:
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffetting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms;
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Priuli. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose

To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still:
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain.
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father.

Priuli. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread; and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Priuli. 'Twould, by Heav'n!

Jaff. 'Would I were in my grave!

Priuli. And she too with thee:
For, living here, you're but my curs'd remembrancers.
I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

Priuli. You dare not do't.

Jaff. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past, since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera, like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:

Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (tho' hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I lov'd her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Priuli. No more.

Jaff. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd, but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Priuli. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats and starve--
Home, home, I say. [*Exit.*

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me——
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
Oh Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife——
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

Pierre. My friend, good-morrow,
How fares the honest partner of my heart?
What, melancholy! not a word to spare me!

Jaff. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving quality,
Call'd honesty, got footing in the world.
Pierre. Why, powerful villany first set it up,
For its own ease and safety. Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten. Were all mankind villains,
They'd starve each other; lawyers would want practice,
Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his brother
Himself; none would be paid or hang'd for murder.
Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first,
To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
And lord it uncontroll'd above their betters.
Jaff. Then honesty is but a notion?
Pierre. Nothing else;
Like wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He, that pretends to most, too, has least share in't.
'Tis a ragged virtue. Honesty! no more on't.
Jaff. Sure thou art honest?
Pierre. So, indeed, men think me;
But they are mistaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue
As well as they;
A fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain as thou seest me.
'Tis true, I pay my debts, when they're contracted;
I steal from no man; would not cut a throat
To gain admission to a great man's purse,
Or a whore's bed; I'd not betray my friend,
To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
A blown up fool above me, or crush the wretch beneath me;
Yet, Jaffier, for all this I am a villain.
Jaff. A villain!
Pierre. Yes, a most notorious villain;
To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man; to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a show

Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters;
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All, that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good.
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

Pierre. We've neither safety, unity, nor peace, my friend,
For the foundation's lost of common good;
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make them)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up, t'enslave us deeper.
Now could this glorious cause but find out friends
To do it right, O Jaffier! then might'st thou
Not wear those seals of woe upon thy face;
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak, but my heart bleeds this moment.

Jaff. Curs'd be the cause, tho' I, thy friend, be part on't:
Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pierre. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge—

Jaff. Then from thee
Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship,
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

Pierre. Then thou art ruin'd!
Jaff. That I long since knew;
I and ill fortune have been long acquaintance.
Pierre. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a ruffian, with an horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale:
There was another making villanous jests
At thy undoing: he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments,
The very bed, which, on thy wedding night,
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.
Jaff. Now, thank Heaven!
Pierre. Thank Heaven! for what?
Jaff. That I'm not worth a ducat.
Pierre. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice,
Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false;
Where there's no truth, no trust; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how, at last,
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch,
That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arm she lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her:
Ev'n the lewd rabble, that were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity;
I could have hugg'd the greasy rogues; they pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story, from my soul;
Since now I know the worst that can befall me.
Ah, Pierre! I have a heart that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me;
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirits taste of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness;
If, throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh, I shall drown thee with my sorrows.
Pierre. Burn,
First, burn and level Venice to thy ruin.
What! starve, like beggars' brats, in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee:
Command my heart, thou'rt every way its master.
Jaff. No; there's a secret pride in bravely dying.
Pierre. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad;
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow;
Revenge, the attribute of gods; they stamp'd it,
With their great image, on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause, that calls upon thee;
And, if thou'rt base enough, die then. Remember
Thy Belvidera suffers; Belvidera!
Die!—damn first!—What! be decently interr'd
In a churchyard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues, that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o'th' soil!
Jaff. Oh!
Pierre. Well said, out with't, swear a little——.
Jaff. Swear! By sea and air; by earth, by Heav'n and hell,
I will revenge my Belvidera's tears!
Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator!
Pierre. A dog!
Jaff. Agreed.

Pierre. Shoot him!
Jaff. With all my heart!
No more—where shall we meet at night?
Pierre. I'll tell thee:
On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation:
There we two will meet, and talk of precious
Mischief——
Jaff. Farewell!
Pierre. At twelve.
Jaff. At any hour; my plagues
Will keep me waking. [*Exit* PIERRE.
Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, nature? Belvidera!
Poor Belvidera!
Bel. [*Without.*] Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice.

Enter BELVIDERA.

My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful joys.
Oh, smile! as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!
Jaff. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has then my fortune chang'd thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth!
I joy more in thee,
Than did thy mother, when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

Jaff. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar;
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out,
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel. Oh! I will love thee, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,

I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaff. Hear this, you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world,
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you:
I, in my private bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, pack'd up his choicest treasure,
In one dear casket, and sav'd only that;
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Rialto.

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. I'm here; and thus the shades of night around me;
I look as if all hell were in my heart,
And I in hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me!——
For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate wretches, like myself,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of night,
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk.
Sure I'm so curs'd, that, though of Heav'n forsaken,
No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell! hell! why sleep'st thou?

Enter PIERRE.

Pierre. Sure I've staid too long:
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?
Jaff. A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon. What's he, that asks the question?
Pierre. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters; never fawn
On any that they love not. Well met, friend——
Jaffier!

Jaff. The same.
Pierre. Where's Belvidera?
Jaff. For a day or two,
I've lodg'd her privately, till I see farther
What fortune will do with me. Pr'ythee, friend,
If thou wouldst have me sit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera——
Pierre. Speak not of her?
Jaff. Oh, no! nor name her!
Pierre. May be I wish her well.
Jaff. Whom well?
Pierre. Thy wife; thy lovely Belvidera.
I hope, a man may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done?
Jaff. You're merry, Pierre.
Pierre. I am so:
Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile:
We'll all rejoice. Here's something to buy pins;
Marriage is chargeable. [*Gives him a Purse.*
Jaff. I but half wish'd
To see the devil, and he's here already! Well!
What must this buy? Rebellion, murder, treason?
Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this.
Pierre. When last we parted, we'd no qualms like these,
But entertain'd each other's thoughts, like men
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reform'd since our last meeting? What new miracles
Have happen'd? Has Priuli's heart relented?
Can he be honest?
Jaff. Kind Heaven, let heavy curses
Gall his old age, till life become his burden;
Let him groan under't long, linger an age
In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
And find its ease, but late!
Pierre. Nay, couldst thou not
As well, my friend, have stretch'd the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain?

Jaff. But curses stick not; could I kill with cursing,
By Heaven, I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted! Senators should rot,
Like dogs, on dunghills: Oh, for a curse
To kill with!
Pierre. Daggers, daggers are much better.
Jaff. Ha!
Pierre. Daggers.
Jaff. But where are they?
Pierre. Oh! a thousand
May be dispos'd, in honest hands, in Venice.
Jaff. Thou talk'st in clouds.
Pierre. But yet a heart, half wrong'd
As thine has been, would find the meaning, Jaffier!
Jaff. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
And have not I a friend will stick one here?
Pierre. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherish'd
To a nobler purpose, I would be that friend:
But thou hast better friends; friends, whom thy wrongs
Have made thy friends; friends, worthy to be call'd so.
I'll trust thee with a secret. There are spirits
This hour at work. But, as thou'rt a man,
Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the world,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter;
And when I've told thee that, which only gods,
And men like gods, are privy to, then swear,
No chance, or change, shall wrest it from thy bosom.
Jaff. When thou wouldst bind me, is there need of oaths?
Is coward, fool, or villain, in my face?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou wouldst not use me in a little cause;
For I am fit for honour's toughest task;
Nor ever yet found fooling was my province:
And, for a villanous, inglorious, enterprize,

I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.
Pierre. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffier;
For it is founded on the noblest basis;
Our liberties, our natural inheritance!
We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray for't;
Openly act a deed, the world may gaze
With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.
Jaff. For liberty!
Pierre. For liberty, my friend.
Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequester'd fortunes heal'd again:
I shall be free from those opprobrious wrongs,
That press me now, and bend my spirit downward;
All Venice free, and every growing merit
Succeed to its just right; fools shall be pull'd
From wisdom's seat; those baleful unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who, perch'd near fortune's top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.
Jaff. What can I do?
Pierre. Canst thou not kill a senator?
Jaff. By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had! and the brave story warms me.
Pierre. Swear then!
Jaff. I do, by all those glittering stars,
And yon great ruling planet of the night!
By all good spirits above, and ill below;
By love and friendship, dearer than my life,
No pow'r, nor death, shall make me false to thee!
Pierre. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
A council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire's hatching; there I'll lead thee.
But be a man; for thou'rt to mix with men
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildest.
Jaff. I give thee thanks

For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man;
And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest my fears
Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and show it for a coward's.
Come, let's begone, for from this hour I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies
Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have room—
Revenge!

Pierre. And liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! revenge! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of AQUILINA.

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Why was my choice ambition? The worst ground
A wretch can build on! 'tis, indeed, at distance,
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven;
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake us.
Who's there?

Enter SPINOSA.

Spin. Renault, good-morrow, for by this time,
I think, the scale of night has turn'd the balance,
And weighs up morning; Has the clock struck twelve?

Ren. Yes; clocks will go as they are set: but man,
Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain.
I've spent at least three precious hours of darkness

VENICE PRESERVED

DELPHIRA — "YOU HEAR ME, YOU DEAL ON — FATHER!"
"JAFFIER."

ACT II. SCENE II.

PAINTED BY H. THOMSON. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO. ENGRAVED BY S. NOBLE.

In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mix'd, like mine,
With giddy tempers, souls but half resolv'd.
Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us it can frighten!
Ren. What's then the cause that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter ELLIOT.

O, sir, welcome!
You are an Englishman: when treason's hatching,
One might have thought you'd not have been behind-hand,
In what whore's lap have you been lolling?
Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.
Elliot. Frenchman, you are saucy.
Ren. How? [*Puts his Hand to his Sword.*

Enter BEDAMAR, MEZZANA, DURAND, *and* THEODORE.

Beda. At difference? fie!
Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl: should men of your high calling,
Men, separated by the choice of Providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this assembly, as in one great jewel,
T' adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smiled on;
Should you, like boys, wrangle for trifles?
Ren. Boys!
Beda. Renault, thy hand.
Ren. I thought I'd given my heart,
Long since, to every man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers,
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.
Beda. Elliot, thou once hadst virtue. I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bend with god like goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy nation's glory

To hug the foe, that offers brave alliance.
Once more, embrace, my friends—
United thus, we are the mighty engine,
Must twist this rooted empire from its basis.
Totters it not already?
Elliot. 'Would 'twere tumbling!
Beda. Nay, it shall down: this night we seal its ruin.

Enter PIERRE.

O Pierre! thou art welcome.
Come to my breast; for, by its hopes, thou look'st
Lovelily dreadful; and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. O, my Mars!
The poets that first feign'd a god of war,
Sure prophesy'd of thee!
Pierre. Friends, was not Brutus
(I mean that Brutus, who, in open senate,
Stabb'd the first Cæsar that usurp'd the world),
A gallant man?
Ren. Yes, and Catiline too;
Though story wrong his fame; for he conspir'd
To prop the reeling glory of his country:
His cause was good.
Beda. And ours as much above it,
As, Renault, thou'rt superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.
Pierre. Then to what we aim at.
When do we start? Or must we talk for ever?
Beda. No, Pierre, the deed's near birth: fate seems to have set
The business up, and given it to our care;
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us,
But what is firm and ready.
Elliot. All.
We'll die with Bedamar.
Beda. O men,

Matchless, as will your glory be hereafter:
The game is for a matchless prize, if won:
If lost, disgraceful ruin.

Pierre. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world:
This wretched state has starv'd them in its service;
And, by your bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd
To serve your glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for the alarm, and grumble, 'tis so tardy.

Beda. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease;
After this night, it is resolv'd, we meet
No more, till Venice owns us for her lords.

Pierre. How lovelily the Adriatic whore,
Dress'd in her flames, will shine! Devouring flames,
Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiss in her foundation.

Beda. Now, if any
Amongst us, that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or int'rest he would wish to save,
Let it be told—the general doom is seal'd;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pierre. I must confess, you there have touch'd my weakness.
I have a friend—hear it; and such a friend!
My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you,
He knows the very business of this hour; [*All start.*
But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it:
We've chang'd a vow, to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd!

Pierre. No; I've dealt nobly with you,
I've brought my all into the public stock:
I'd but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you;

Receive, and cherish him; or if, when seen
And search'd, you find him worthless,—as my tongue
Has lodg'd this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears, I wear a dagger here,
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFIER, *with a Dagger in his Hand.*

Beda. His presence bears the show of manly virtue.
Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that, thus uncall'd,
I dare approach this place of fatal councils;
But I'm amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me
To see so many virtues thus united
To restore justice, and dethrone oppression.
Command this steel, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast; but, if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the curs'd assembled senate:
It shrinks not, though I meet a father there.
Would you behold the city flaming? here's
A hand, shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To th' arsenal, and set its gates on fire!
Ren. You talk this well, sir.
Jaff. Nay, by Heaven, I'll do this!
Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces:
You fear me villain, and, indeed, 'tis odd
To hear a stranger talk thus, at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated:
But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with counsels.
I hate this senate—am a foe to Venice;
A friend to none, but men resolv'd like me
To push on mischief. Oh, did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!
Beda. Pierre, I must embrace him;
My heart beats to this man, as if it knew him.
Ren. I never lov'd these huggers.
Jaff. Still, I see
The cause delights me not. Your friends survey me,

As I were dangerous.——But I come arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trusts will give
A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for.
My Belvidera! Hoa! my Belvidera!

Beda. What wonder next?

Jaff. Let me entreat you, sirs,
As I have henceforth hoped to call you friends,
That, all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of councils, with my friend, that owns me,
Withdraw awhile, to spare a woman's blushes.

[*Exeunt all but* BEDAMAR, RENAULT, JAFFIER, *and* PIERRE.

Beda. Pierre, Whither will this ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Bel. [*Within.*] Who,
Who calls so loud, at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?

Jaff. Indeed, 'tis late.

Bel. Alas! where am I? whither is't you lead me?
Methinks, I read distraction in your face,—
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold!
Heav'ns guard my love, and bless his heart with patience!

Jaff. That I have patience, let our fate bear witness
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I,
(Thou, the divinest good man e'er possess'd,
And I, the wretched'st of the race of man),
This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Bel. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
My dear! my life! my love!

Jaff. Oh, friends!
Bel. Speak to me!
Jaff. Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge you, take her, but with tender'st care
Relieve her troubles, and assuage her sorrows.
Ren. Rise, madam, and command among your servants,—
Jaff. To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her, this; whene'er I prove unworthy—
[*Gives a Dagger* to RENAULT.
You know the rest—Then strike it to her heart;
And tell her, he, who three whole happy years,
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward, for all her truth and sufferings.
Bel. Oh, thou unkind one!
Have I deserv'd this from you?
Look on me, tell me, speak, thou dear deceiver,—
If I am false, accuse me; but if true,
Don't, pr'ythee don't, in poverty forsake me,
But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting.
Yet, hear me! yet, recall me.—Jaffier,—Jaffier!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in the House of AQUILINA.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. I'm sacrific'd! I'm sold—betray'd to shame!
Inevitable ruin has enclos'd me!
He, that should guard my virtue, has betray'd it;—
Left me—undone me! Oh, that I could hate him!
Where shall I go? Oh, whither, whither wander?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. Can Belvidera want a resting-place,
When these poor arms are open to receive her?
There was a time——
Bel. Yes, yes, there was a time,
When Belvidera's tears, her cries and sorrows,
Were not despis'd; when, if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look but sad——There was, indeed, a time,
When Jaffier would have ta'en her in his arms,
Eas'd her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her, till he found the cause.
But well I know why you forsake me thus;
I am no longer fit to bear a share
In your concernments; My weak female virtue
Must not be trusted; 'tis too frail and tender.
Jaff. O Portia, Portia, what a soul was thine!
Bel. That Portia was a woman; and when Brutus,
Big with the fate of Rome (Heav'n guard thy safety!)

Conceal'd from her the labours of his mind;
She let him see her blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a spring as noble, and a heart
Fit to partake his troubles, as his love.
Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower
Thou gav'st last night, in parting with me; strike it
Here to my heart; and, as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as Cato's daughter's.

Jaff. O Belvidera!

Bel. Why was I last night deliver'd to a villain?

Jaff. Ha! a villain?

Bel. Yes, to a villain; Why, at such an hour,
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches,
That look as hell had drawn them into league?
Why, I in this hand, and in that, a dagger,
Was I delivered with such dreadful ceremonies?
"To you, sirs, and to your honours, I bequeath her,
And, with her, this: Whene'er I prove unworthy—
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart."
Oh! why's that rest conceal'd from me? Must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust?
For such, I know I am; that's all my value.
But, by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves!
Straight to the senate—tell them all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaff. Is this the Roman virtue? this the blood,
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter?
Would she have e'er betray'd her Brutus?

Bel. No:
For Brutus trusted her. Wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Jaff. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all—
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;
Think I've a tale to tell, will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of
Into vile tears, and despicable sorrows:
Then, if thou shouldst betray me——

Bel. Shall I swear?
Jaff. No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature with so rude a bond;
But, as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast:
I've bound myself, by all the strictest sacraments,
Divine, and human——
Bel. Speak!
Jaff. To kill thy father——
Bel. My father!
Jaff. Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damn'd.
Bel. Oh!
Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought:
For, if thou dost——
Bel. I know it; thou wilt kill me.
Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! Though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing:
Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butcher'd in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroy'd?
And canst thou shed the blood, that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country!
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hir'd slaves, bravos, and common stabbers,
Join with such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?
Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've engag'd
With men of souls, fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashions.
Bel. What's he, to whose curs'd hands last night
thou gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story,
Would rouse thy lion heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury!
Jaff. Speak on, I charge thee!
Bel. O my love! if e'er
Thy Belvidera's peace deserv'd thy care,
Remove me from this place. Last night! last night!
Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the truth!
Bel. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the power of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I laid on my sad bed,
But that vile wretch approach'd me.
Oh, how I wept and sigh'd,
And shrunk, and trembled! wish'd, in vain, for him
That should protect me! Thou, alas, wast gone!
Jaff. Patience, sweet Heaven, till I make vengeance sure!
Bel. He drew the hideous dagger forth, thou gav'st him,
And, with upbraiding smiles, he said, "Behold it:
This is the pledge of a false husband's love:"
And in my arms then press'd, and would have clasp'd me;
But with my cries, I scar'd his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to hell.
These are thy friends! with these thy life, thy honour,
Thy love, all stak'd, and all will go to ruin.
Jaff. No more; I charge thee, keep this secret close.
Clear up thy sorrows; look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour;
I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy love.
Bel. Oh! should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In anger leave me, and return no more.
Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another night, to purchase the creation.

Bel. When shall we meet again?
Jaff. Anon, at twelve,
I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms:
Come, like the travell'd dove, and bring thee peace.
Bel. Indeed!
Jaff. By all our loves!
Bel. 'Tis hard to part:
But sure no falsehood ever look'd so fairly.
Farewell!—remember twelve. [*Exit.*
Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me,
When I remember not thy truth, thy love!

Enter PIERRE.

Pierre. Jaffier!
Jaff. Who calls?
Pierre. A friend, that could have wish'd
T' have found thee otherwise employ'd. What, hunt
A wife, on the dull foil! Sure, a staunch husband,
Of all hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from caudles and confections?
What feminine tales hast thou been list'ning to,
Of unair'd shirts? catarrhs, and tooth-ache, got
By thin-soal'd shoes! Damnation! that a fellow,
Chosen to be a sharer in the destruction
Of a whole people, should sneak thus in corners,
To waste his time, and fool his mind with love!
Jaff. May not a man, then, trifle out an hour
With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?
Pierre. Not in a cause like ours.
Jaff. Then, friend, our cause
Is in a damn'd condition: for I'll tell thee,
That canker-worm, call'd lechery, has touch'd it;
'Tis tainted vilely. Wouldst thou think it? Renault
(That mortify'd old wither'd winter rogue)
Loves simple fornication like a priest;
I found him out for watering at my wife;
He visited her last night, like a kind guardian:
Faith, she has some temptations, that's the truth on't.

Pierre. He durst not wrong his trust?
Jaff. 'Twas something late though,
To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.
Pierre. Was she in bed?
Jaff. Yes, 'faith! in virgin sheets,
White as her bosom, Pierre; dish'd neatly up,—
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Pierre. Patience guide me!
He us'd no violence?
Jaff. No, no: out on't, violence!
Play'd with her neck; brush'd her with his grey beard;
Struggled and touz'd; tickled her till she squeak'd a little,
May be, or so—but not a jot of violence——
Pierre. Damn him!
Jaff. Ay, so say I: but, hush, no more on't;
Sure it is near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding orders:
Will the ambassador be here in person?
Pierre. No, he has sent commission to that villain, Renault,
To give the executing charge:
I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
And keep thy temper: for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.
Jaff. Fear not, I am cool as patience.
Pierre. He's yonder, coming this way, through the hall;
His thoughts seem full.
Jaff. Pr'ythee retire, and leave me
With him alone: I'll put him to some trial;
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.
Pierre. Be careful then.
Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.
[*Exit* PIERRE.
What! be a devil, take a damning oath
For shedding native blood? Can there be sin
In merciful repentance? Oh, this villain! [*Retires.*

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Perverse and peevish: What a slave is man,
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Dispatch the tool, her husband—that were well.—
Who's there?

Jaff. A man.

Ren. My friend, my near ally,
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge, is very well.

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? Beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jaff. Oh! women have fantastic constitutions,
Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,
And never fix'd. Was it not boldly done,
Ev'n at first sight, to trust the thing I lov'd
(A tempting treasure too) with youth, so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jaff. Curs'd be he that doubts
Thy virtue! I have try'd it, and declare,
Were I to chuse a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it into thy keeping; for I know thee.

Ren. Know me!

Jaff. Ay, know thee.—There's no falsehood in thee;
Thou look'st just as thou art. Let us embrace.—
Now, wouldst thou cut my throat, or I cut thine.

Ren. You dare not do't!

Jaff. You lie, sir!

Ren. How!

Jaff. No more.—
'Tis a base world, and must reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, ELLIOT, THEODORE, DURAND, *and* MEZZANA.

Ren. Spinosa, Theodore, you are welcome.

Spin. You are trembling, sir.
Ren. 'Tis a cold night, indeed; I am aged;
Full of decay, and natural infirmities.
We shall be warm, my friends, I hope, to-morrow.
[RENAULT *and the* CONSPIRATORS *retire.*

Enter PIERRE.

Pierre. 'Twas not well done; thou shouldst have stroak'd him,
And not have gall'd him.
Jaff. Damn him, let him chew on't!
Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed fiends,
That wait to damn me! what a devil's man,
When he forgets his nature!—hush, my heart.
[RENAULT *and the* CONSPIRATORS *advance.*
Ren. My friends, 'tis late: are we assembled all?
Spin. All—all!
Ren. Oh! you're men, I find,
Fit to behold your fate, and meet her summons.
To-morrow's rising sun must see you all
Deck'd in your honours. Are the soldiers ready?
Pierre. All—all!
Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand, must possess
St. Mark's; you, Captain, know your charge already;
'Tis to secure the ducal palace:
Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
Till in each place you post sufficient guards;
Then sheath your swords in every breast you meet.
Jaff. Oh, reverend cruelty! damn'd bloody villain!
Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the midst keep your battalia fast:
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
That may command the streets;
This done, we'll give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the ars'nal gates;
Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our cannon, if it dare resist,

Batter to ruin. But, above all, I charge you,
Shed blood enough; spare neither sex nor age,
Name nor condition: if there lives a senator
After to-morrow, though the dullest rogue
That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends.
If possible, let's kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaff. Merciless, horrid slave! Ay, blood enough!
Shed blood enough, old Renault! how thou charm'st me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell, till fate
Join us again, or separate us ever:
But let us all remember,
We wear no common cause upon our swords.
Let each man think, that, on his single virtue,
Depends the good and fame of all the rest;—
Eternal honour, or perpetual infamy.
You droop, sir.

Jaff. No: with most profound attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.

Ren. Let's consider,
That we destroy oppression,—avarice;
A people nurs'd up equally with vices
And loathsome lusts, which nature most abhors,
And such as, without shame, she cannot suffer.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera! take me to thy arms,
And show me where's my peace, for I have lost it.
[*Exit.*

Ren. Without the least remorse, then, let's resolve
With fire and sword t'exterminate these tyrants,
Under whose weight this wretched country labours.

Pierre. And may those Powers above, that are propitious
To gallant minds, record this cause, and bless it!

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
Should there, my friends, be found among us one
False to this glorious enterprise, what fate,
What vengeance, were enough for such a villain!

Elliot. Death here, without repentance, hell hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my lot, if, as here I stand,
Listed by fate among her darling sons,
Though I had one only brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of nature,
Join'd in this cause, and had but ground for fear
He meant foul play; may this right hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
And stab him to the heart before you! Who,
Who would do less? Wouldst thou not, Pierre, the same?

Pierre. You've singled me, sir, out for this hard question,
As if 'twere started only for my sake;
Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom;
Search it with all your swords. Am I a traitor?

Ren. No: but I fear your late commended friend
Is little less. Come, sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffier?

Spin. He left the room just now, in strange disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I observ'd him;
During the time I took for explanation,
He was transported from most deep attention
To a confusion, which he could not smother.
What's requisite for safety, must be done
With speedy execution; he remains
Yet in our power; I, for my own part, wear
A dagger——

Pierre. Well?

Ren. And I could wish it——

Pierre. Where?

Ren. Bury'd in his heart.

Pierre. Away! we're yet all friends.—
No more of this; 'twill breed ill blood among us.

Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search the house;—
Pull him from the dark hole, where he sits brooding
O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him.

Pierre. Who talks of killing? Who's he'll shed the blood,
That's dear to me? Is't you, or you, sir?
What! not one speak? how you stand gaping all
On your grave oracle, your wooden god there!
Yet not a word? then, sir, I'll tell you a secret;
Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.
[*To* RENAULT.

Ren. A coward!—

Pierre. Put—Put up thy sword, old man;
Thy hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this breach;
I am too hot: we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship cannot be so.

Pierre: Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theod. And I.

Ren. And I.

Spin. And all.
Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pierre. One such word more, by Heaven, I'll to the senate,
And hang ye all, like dogs, in clusters.
Why peep your coward swords half out their shells?
Why do you not all brandish them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.

Ren. Go to the senate, and betray us,—haste!
Secure thy wretched life; we fear to die
Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pierre. That's rank falsehood.
Fear'st thou not death? Fie, there's a knavish itch
In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting!
Had Jaffier's wife prov'd kind, he'd still been true.
Faugh—how that stinks! [*Exit* RENAULT.
Away, disperse all to your several charges,
And meet to-morrow, where your honour calls you.
I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for,
And you shall see him venture for you fairly——
Hence, hence, I say!

Spin. I fear we have been to blame,
And done too much.
Theod. 'Twas too far urged against the man you love.
Elliot. Forgive us, gallant friend.
Pierre. Nay, now you've found
The way to melt, and cast me as you will.
I'll fetch this friend, and give him to your mercy;
Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me;
For your repose, I'll quit my heart's best jewel;
But would not have him torn away by villains,
And spiteful villany.
Spin. No; may ye both
For ever live, and fill the world with fame!
Pierre. Now you're too kind: Whence rose all this discord?
Oh! what a dangerous precipice have we 'scap'd!
How near a fall was all we'd long been building!
What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,
If one, the bravest and the best of men,
Had fall'n a sacrifice to rash suspicion,
Butcher'd by those, whose cause he came to cherish!
Oh, could you know him all, as I have known him,
How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this place, till you had seen him,
And gained remission for the worst of follies.
Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,
And to your loves me better recommend,
That I've preserv'd your fame, and sav'd my friend.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter BELVIDERA *and* JAFFIER.

Jaff. Where dost thou lead me? Ev'ry step I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb
Of a rack'd friend. Oh, my dear, charming, ruin!
Where are we wandering?
Bel. To eternal honour.
You do a deed, shall chronicle thy name
Among the glorious legends of those few
That have sav'd sinking nations. Every street
Shall be adorn'd with statues to thy honour:
And, at thy feet, this great inscription written,—
"Remember him, that propp'd the fall of Venice!"
Jaff. Rather, remember him, who, after all
The sacred bonds of oaths, and holier friendship,
In fond compassion to a woman's tears,
Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,
To sacrifice the bosom that reliev'd him.
Why wilt thou damn me?
Bel. O inconstant man!
How will you promise! how will you deceive!
Do, return back, replace me in my bondage,
Tell all thy friends how dangerously thou lov'st me,
And let thy dagger do its bloody office.
Or, if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,

Till I'm a victim to the hateful will
Of that infernal devil!
Last night, my love!

Jaff. Name, name it not again:
Destruction, swift destruction, fall on my coward head,
If I forgive him!

Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the senate,
And tell the dismal'st story ever utter'd;
Tell them what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
Have been prepar'd:—how near's the fatal hour.
Save thy poor country, save the rev'rend blood
Of all its nobles, which to-morrow's dawn
Must else see shed!

Jaff. Oh!

Bel. Think what then may prove
My lot; the ravisher may then come safe,
And, 'midst the terror of the public ruin,
Do a damn'd deed.

Jaff. By all Heav'n's powers, prophetic truth dwells in thee!
For every word thou speak'st, strikes through my heart,
Like a new light, and shows it how 't has wander'd,—
Just what thou'st made me, take me, Belvidera,
And lead me to the place, where I'm to say
This bitter lesson; where I must betray
My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends.
Must I betray my friends? Ah! take me quickly,
Secure me well, before that thought's renew'd;
If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera?

Jaff. No: Thou'rt my soul itself; wealth, friendship, honour;
All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summ'd in thee.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* GUARDS.

Capt. Stand! who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Capt. But what friends are you?
Bel. Friends to the senate, and the state of Venice.
Capt. My orders are, to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring them to the council,
Who are now sitting.
Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.
Now the lot's cast, and, fate, do what thou wilt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate House.

The DUKE OF VENICE, PRIULI, *and* NINE *other* SENATORS *discovered sitting.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak—Why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or its safety?
Priuli. Could words express the story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is a cause
We all should weep,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven:
Heav'n knows, if yet there be an hour to come,
Ere Venice be no more.
Duke. How!
Priuli. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's form'd a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends, our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fix'd;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn ev'n this moment,

And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning: but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
That may inform the world, in after ages,
Our virtue was not ruin'd, though we were.

[*A Noise within.*

Capt. [*Within.*] Room, room, make room for some prisoners!

Enter OFFICER.

Duke. Speak, there! What disturbance?

Officer. A prisoner have the guards seiz'd in the street,
Who says, he comes to inform this reverend council
About the present danger.

Enter OFFICER, JAFFIER, CAPTAIN, *and* GUARDS.

All. Give him entrance—[*Exit* OFFICER.] Well who are you?

Jaff. A villain!
Would, every man, that hears me,
Would deal so honestly, and own his title!

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd, that a plot has been contriv'd
Against the state, and you've a share in't too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth, and be restor'd with mercy.

Jaff. Think not, that I to save my life came hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice:
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates;
Give him the tortures.

Jaff. That, you dare not do:
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story, which you dread the truth of:
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.

Cowards are scar'd with threat'nings; boys are whipp'd
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the tortures!—name but such a thing
Again, by Heav'n, I'll shut these lips for ever!
Nor all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at!

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaff. For myself, full pardon,
Besides, the lives of two-and-twenty friends,
Whose names I have enrolled—Nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths,
And sacred promise, of this reverend council,
That, in a full assembly of the senate,
The thing I ask, be ratify'd. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaff. By all the hopes
You have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear!

Duke. We swear.

Jaff. And, as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be bless'd,
Or curs'd, for ever!

Duke. Else be curs'd for ever!

Jaff. Then here's the list, and with it, the full disclose

[*Delivers two Papers to the* OFFICER, *who delivers them to the* DUKE.

Of all that threaten you.
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me!

Duke. Give order, that all diligent search be made
To seize these men, their characters are public.
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of the fam'd Grecian courtesan,
Call'd Aquilina; see the place secur'd.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaff. 'Would the chains of death
Had bound me fast, ere I had known this minute!
Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.
Jaff. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out, what I've left of life;—
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance! how shall I appease thee?
[*Exit, guarded.*
Officer. [*Without.*] More traitors! room, room, make room, there!
Duke. How's this?
The treason's
Already at the doors!

Enter OFFICER *and* CAPTAIN.

Officer. My lords, more traitors!
Seiz'd in the very act of consultation:
Furnish'd with arms and instruments of mischief.—
Bring in the prisoners!

Enter SPINOSA, ELLIOT, THEODORE, DURAND, MEZZANA, RENAULT *and* PIERRE, *in Chains.*

Pierre. You, my lords, and fathers,
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of Venice;
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labour'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph you bestow
On those that bring you conquest home, and honours?
Duke. Go on; you shall be heard, sir.
Pierre. Are these the trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours;

When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, the Adriatic, ploughed,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than yours;
Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour, and the way of greatness?
Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
And this my recompense! If I'm a traitor,
Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base
And brave enough to tell me, I'm a traitor!

Duke. Know you one Jaffier?

Pierre. Yes, and know his virtue.
His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Enter CAPTAIN, *and* JAFFIER, *in Chains.*

Pierre. My friend too bound! nay, then
Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man, whose welfare's so much mine,
They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
Call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veriest, slave,
That e'er betray'd a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes, which morning was t' have crown'd
Has this curs'd tongue o'erthrown.

Pierre. So, then all's over:
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.
No more!

Duke. Say; will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?

Pierre. Curs'd be your senate, curs'd your constitution!
The curse of growing factions, and divisions,

Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me.

Duke. Pardon, or death?

Pierre. Death! honourable death!

Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.
No shameful bonds, but honourable death!

Duke. Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.
Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, SENATORS, CONSPIRATORS, *and* OFFICER.

Pierre. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:
It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard,
To do your senate service.

Jaff. Hold one moment.

Pierre. Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?
Presumptuous rebel!—on—— [*Strikes* JAFFIER.

Jaff. By Heaven, you stir not!

[*Exeunt* CAPTAIN *and* GUARDS.

I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
And, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierre. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely! Hence! I know thee not!

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre!

Pierre. No, know thee not? What art thou?

Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once lov'd valu'd friend!
Tho' now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pierre. Thou, Jaffier! thou my once-lov'd valu'd friend!
By Heav'ns, thou ly'st; the man so call'd my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless, coward,
Poor, even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect:
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.
Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee; by these tears I have not.
Pierre. Hast thou not wrong'd me? Dar'st thou call thyself
That once-lov'd, honest, valu'd friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?
Jaff. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.
Pierre. What's that?
Jaff. To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have propos'd: thou, and thy friends,
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pierre. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city,
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee, are fit to live in't.
Jaff. By all that's just——
Pierre. Swear by some other power,

For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.
Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till, to thyself at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.
Pierre. Not leave me!
Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, tho' they spurn me;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms, with dear forgiveness.
Pierre. Art thou not——
Jaff. What?
Pierre. A traitor?
Jaff. Yes.
Pierre. A villain?
Jaff. Granted.
Pierre. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life!
Jaff. All, all, and more, much more; my faults are numberless.
Pierre. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base, as thou'rt false——
Jaff. No; 'tis to me that's granted;
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pierre. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee;
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity.
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,

Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n:
So I restore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this curs'd hour, to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, tho' our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say, thou wilt live then.

Pierre. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. O Pierre!

Pierre. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pierre. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee!
[*Exit.*

Jaff. He's gone, my father, friend, preserver;
And here's the portion he has left me;
This dagger. Well remembered! with this dagger,
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this, and Belvidera together.
Have a care, mem'ry, drive that thought no farther:
No, I'll esteem it, as a friend's last legacy;
Treasure it up, within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That, when they meet, they start not from each other.
So, now for thinking—A blow, call'd traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward; faugh!
Oh for a long round sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busy devil.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted!
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation,

Not daring to look up to that dear face,
Which us'd to smile, even on my faults; but, down
Bending these miserable eyes to earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted:
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burden,
Before the footstool of that Heav'n they've injur'd.
O Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawl'd on earth.

Bel. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty.

Jaff. My friend too, Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoic'd in,
Has us'd me like a slave, shamefully us'd me:
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.

Bel. What has he done?

Jaff. O my dear angel! in that friend, I've lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him,
Strikes my sense hard, and deads it in my brains!
Wouldst thou believe it?
Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
As at his feet I kneel'd, and sued for mercy,
With a reproachful hand, he dash'd a blow:
He struck me, Belvidera! by Heaven he struck me!
Buffeted, call'd me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? am I a villain? tell me:
Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so?
Damnation! coward!

Bel. Oh! forgive him, Jaffier;
And, if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?

Jaff. Ah!

Bel. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death;

What will thy heart do then? Oh! sure 'twill stream,
Like my eyes now,
Jaff. What means thy dreadful story?
Death and to-morrow?
Bel. The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed it,
They say according to our friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage;
Declare their promis'd mercy all as forfeited:
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.
Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard! unpleaded!
Bel. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing
To force confession from their dying pangs.
Oh! do not look so terribly upon me!
How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!
What means my love?
Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me!—Strong temptations
Wake in my heart.
Bel. For what?
Jaff. No more, but leave me.
Bel. Why?
Jaff. Oh! by Heav'n, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer
Near these curs'd hands.
[*Pulls the Dagger half out of his Bosom, and puts it back again.*
Art thou not terrified?
Bel. No:
Jaff. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.
Bel. Hah!
Jaff. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief!
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; for dire revenge

Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark, how he groans! his screams are in my ears!
Already, see, they've fix'd him on the wheel,
And now they tear him—Murder! perjur'd senate!
Murder—Oh!—Hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this!
Thanks to thy tears, and false persuading love.
How her eyes speak! oh, thou bewitching creature!
Madness can't hurt thee. Come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe;
'Tis thy own citadel—Hah—yet stand off,
Heav'n must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy.
I'll wink, and then 'tis done——

Bel. What means the lord
Of me, my life, and love? What's in thy bosom,
Thou grasp'st at so?

[JAFFIER *draws the Dagger, and offers to stab her.*

Ah! do not kill me, Jaffier.

Jaff. Know, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee, as in trust,
To be thy portion if I e'er prov'd false,
On such condition was my truth believ'd:
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[*Offers to stab her again.*

Bel. Oh! mercy!

Jaff. Nay, no struggling.

Bel. Now, then, kill me.

[*Leaps on his Neck, and kisses him.*

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a coward, witness Heav'n,
Witness it, earth, and ev'ry being witness:
Tis but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

[*He throws away the Dagger, and embraces her.*

The seal of Providence is sure upon thee;
And thou wast born for yet unheard-of wonders.
Oh! thou wert either born to save or damn me.
By all the power that's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By thy victorious love that still waits on thee,
Fly to thy cruel father, save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever.
Fall at his feet, cling round his rev'rend knees,
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast vanquish'd me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in PRIULI'S *House.*

Enter PRIULI.

Priuli. Why, cruel Heav'n, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dishonour,
And deathless infamy have fall'n upon me.
Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.
But then, my only child, my daughter wedded;
There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory.

Enter BELVIDERA, *in a Mourning Veil.*

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,
That, for three years, has left an only child,
Expos'd to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruin!—Oh!——
Priuli. What child of sorrow
Art thou, that com'st, wrapt up in weeds of sadness,
And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?
Bel. A wretch, who, from the very top of happiness,
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.
Priuli. What wouldst thou beg for?
Bel. Pity and forgiveness. *(Throws up her Veil.*
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.
Priuli. My daughter!
Bel. Yes, your daughter; and you've oft told me,
With smiles of love, and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.
Priuli. Don't talk thus.
Bel. Yes, I must; and you must hear too.
I have a husband.
Priuli. Damn him!
Bel. Oh, do not curse him!
He would not speak so hard a word towards you,
On any terms, howe'er he deal with me.
Priuli. Ah! what means my child?
Bel. Oh! my husband, my dear husband,
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera!
Priuli. Kill thee!
Bel. Yes, kill me. When he passed his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,
He gave me up a hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it through this bosom.

I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevail'd, and bless'd me with success!
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest friends,
For promis'd mercy. Now, they're doom'd to suffer;
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows t' appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood th' atonement.
Priuli. Heavens!
Bel. If I was ever then your care, now hear me:
Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.
Priuli. Oh, my heart's comfort!
Bel. Will you not, my father?
Weep not; but answer me.
Priuli. By Heav'n, I will!
Not one of them but what shall be immortal!
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
I'll henceforth be indeed a father! never,
Never more, thus expose, but cherish, thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee:
Peace to thy heart. Farewell!
Bel. Go, and remember,
'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Rialto.

Enter CAPTAIN,
Muffled Drums,
GUARDS,
EXECUTIONER, *with Axe,*
RENAULT,
SPINOSA,
ELLIOT,
THEODORE,
DURAND,
MEZZANA,
PIERRE,
OFFICER,
GUARDS.

They all pass over the Stage, and exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. Final destruction seize on all the world!
Bend down, ye Heav'ns, and, shutting round this earth,
Crush the vile globe into its first confusion!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. My life!——
Jaff. My plague!——

Bel. Nay, then I see my ruin.
If I must die!
Jaff. No, death's this day too busy;
Thy father's ill-timed mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy labours, though; and him too.
But all my poor, betrayed, unhappy friends,
Have summons to prepare for fate's black hour.
Yet, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper, and unshaken spirit.
Bel. I will, when I've done weeping——
Jaff. Fie, no more on't!——
How long is't since the miserable day
We wedded first?
Bel. Oh! oh!
Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.
Bel. Heaven knows I cannot!
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow——
Jaff. Come, I'll kiss them dry then.
Bel. But was't a miserable day?
Jaff. A curs'd one!
Bel. I thought it otherwise; and you have often sworn,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn, you bless'd it.
Jaff. 'Twas a rash oath.
Bel. Then why am I not curs'd too?
Jaff. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal truth,
I dote with too much fondness.
Bel. Still so kind!
Still then do you love me?
Jaff. Man ne'er was bless'd,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.
Bel. Then sure you will not curse me?
Jaff. No, I'll bless thee,

I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.
T is now, I think, three years, we've liv'd together.
Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace, till an eternal morning.
Jaff. Did not I say, I came to bless thee?
Bel. You did.
Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven!
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd;
And comfort her with patience in our parting!
Bel. How? parting, parting!
Jaff. Yes, for ever parting!
I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon Heav'n,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever!
Bel. Oh! call back
Your cruel blessing; stay with me, and curse me.
Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never!
Bel. By all the tender days we've liv'd together,
Pity my sad condition; speak, but speak!
Jaff. Murder! unhold me:
Or by th' immortal destiny that doom'd me
[*Draws his Dagger.*
To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer!
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——
Hark! the dismal bell [*Passing Bell tolls.*
Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre, expects me:
He sent a message to require I'd see him

Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell for ever!
Bel. Leave thy dagger with me;
Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at parting!
Oh, my poor heart! when wilt thou break?
Jaff. Yet stay:
We have a child, as yet a tender infant:
Be a kind mother to him when I'm gone;
Breed him in virtue, and the paths of honour,
But never let him know his father's story;
I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate
May do his future fortune or his name.
Now—nearer yet—
Oh, that my arms were rivetted
Thus round thee ever! But my friends! my oath!
This, and no more! [*Kisses her.*
Bel. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one, you've ta'en such care of,
I'll give't him truly.
Jaff. So—now, farewell!
Bel. For ever?
Jaff. Heav'n knows, for ever! all good angels guard thee! [*Exit.*
Bel. All ill ones, sure, had charge of me this moment!
Oh, give me daggers, fire, or water!
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves
Huzzing and foaming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
Oh! there's all quiet—here, all rage and fury!
The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;
I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell! hell!
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

St. Mark's Place.

A Scaffold, and a Wheel, prepared for the Execution of PIERRE.

Enter CAPTAIN, PIERRE, GUARDS, EXECUTIONER, *and* RABBLE.

Pierre. My friend not yet come?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. Oh, Pierre! [*Falling on his Knees.*

Pierre. Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame,
I can't forget to love thee. Pr'ythee, Jaffier,
Forgive that filthy blow, my passion dealt thee;
I am now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.

Capt. The time grows short; your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pierre. Yes, dead, Jaffier! they've all died like men too,
Worthy their character.

Jaff. And what must I do?

Pierre. Oh, Jaffier!

Jaff. Speak aloud thy burden'd soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Pierre. Friend! Couldst thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,
I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heaven knows, I want a friend!

Jaff. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.
Pierre. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffier.
Jaff. Yes, I will live:
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd,
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.
Pierre. Wilt thou?
Jaff. I will, by Heaven!
Pierre. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh!—yet—shall I trust thee?
Jaff. No; I've been false already.
Pierre. Dost thou love me?
Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.
Pierre. Curse on this weakness!
Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy bosom,
That must have vent; though I'm a villain, tell me.
Pierre. Seest thou that engine?
[*Pointing to the Wheel.*
Jaff. Why?
Pierre. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crown'd with conquest,
Be expos'd, a common carcase, on a wheel?
Jaff. Hah!
Pierre. Speak! is't fitting?
Jaff. Fitting!
Pierre. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it.
Capt. The day grows late, sir.
Pierre. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier!
Though thou'st betray'd me, do me some way justice.
Jaff. What's to be done?
Pierre. This and no more. [*He whispers* JAFFIER.
Jaff. Hah! is't then so?

Pierre. Most certainly.
Jaff. I'll do't.
Pierre. Remember.
Capt. Sir——
Pierre. Come, now I'm ready.
Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour;
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.
You'll think on't? [*To* JAFFIER.
Jaff. 'Twont grow stale before to-morrow.
[PIERRE *and* JAFFIER *ascend the Scaffold.*—EXECUTIONER *binds* PIERRE.
Pierre. Now, Jaffier! now I'm going! Now—
Jaff. Have at thee,
Thou honest heart, then!—here— [*Stabs him.*
And this is well too. [*Stabs himself.*
Pierre. Now thou hast indeed been faithful!
This was done nobly!—We have deceiv'd the senate.
Jaff. Bravely!
Pierre. Ha! ha! ha!—oh! oh! [*Dies.*
Jaff. Now, ye curs'd rulers,
Thus of the blood ye've shed, I make libation,
And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you,
And all your race. Oh, poor Belvidera!
Sir, I have a wife; bear this in safety to her,
A token that, with my dying breath, I bless'd her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick—I'm quiet. [*Dies.*
[*The Scene shuts upon them.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in PRIULI'S *House.*

Enter PRIULI; BELVIDERA, *distracted; and Two of her* WOMEN.

Priuli. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heav'n!
Bel. Come, come, come, come, come; nay, come to bed,
Pr'ythee, my love. The winds! hark how they whistle!
And the rain beats! Oh, how the weather shrinks me!
I say you shall not go, you shall not:
Whip your ill-nature; get you gone, then; Oh!
Are you return'd? See, father, here he's come again!
Am I to blame to love him? O, thou dear one!
Why do you fly me? Are you angry still, then?
Jaffier, where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?
Stand off! don't hide him from me! He's there somewhere.
Stand off, I say! What, gone? Remember, tyrant,
I may revenge myself for this trick, one day.

Enter CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, *and whispers* PRIULI.

Priuli. News? what news?
Capt. Most sad, sir:
Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stabb'd Pierre, and next himself;
Both fell together.

Bel. Ha! look there!
My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision;
On these poor trembling knees, I beg it. Vanish'd!—
Here they went down—Oh, I'll dig, dig the den up!
Hoa, Jaffier, Jaffier!
Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him!
I have got him, father! Oh!
My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!
They have hold of me, and drag me to the bottom!
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell—— [*Dies.*

Priuli. Oh! lead me into some place, that's fit for mourning;
Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun,
May never enter; hang it round with black,
Set up one taper, that may light a day,
As long as I've to live; and there all leave me:
Sparing no tears, when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

SAVAGE AND EASINGWOOD,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

REMARKS.

This play is the work of a man of singular character. He was attached to convivial, and even dissipated, enjoyments; yet the productions of his pen breathe the purest morality, and the chief practice of his life was benevolence, and every other charitable virtue.

Steele is a well known name to the admirers of the Spectator, the Tatler, and others of his excellent publications. He was the colleague of the great Addison, in dispensing instruction and amusement to the English nation, who reformed their follies, and even their vices, on the perusal of his able lessons.

The faults, which he saw and regretted in himself, he took infinite pains to eradicate from the inclination of his neighbour. Industriously dissecting his own heart, and beholding each avenue to delinquency, he applied public remedies so efficacious against every minor, as well as capital, error, that his name comes down to posterity as one of the first among British moralists.

Steele was born about the year 1676, in Ireland; in which kingdom a branch of his family was possessed of a considerable estate. His father was of English extraction, but resided in Dublin; was a counsellor there, and private secretary to James,

Duke of Ormond. He sent this, his son Richard, into England for education; where, at the school of the Charter-house, he contracted that intimacy with Addison, his schoolfellow, which lasted, till death dissolved their friendship.

The taste of Richard Steele, on arriving at manhood, first led him to the army, and he became an ensign in the Guards, and afterwards a captain in the corps of Fusileers. A taste for polite literature succeeded his military propensity; and he appeared before the public, as a dramatist, in the comedy of "The Funeral; or, Grief a la Mode."

In the choice of his pursuits, both as a soldier and an author, he offended his nearest relations, and thereby lost all hopes of succeeding to that property, of which it was in their power to have rendered him possessed; but, in return for this serious and substantial good which he inconsiderately relinquished, he found himself the joy, the idol, of his gay companions; and valued such encomiums as his wit and humour excited, beyond every allurement which true affection or sage advice could offer.

His first success as a dramatic writer was soon embittered by a failure in his play of "The Lying Lover." But, possessing spirits untamed by disappointment, he pursued his literary employment with renovated ardour, and in his future compositions was generally fortunate.

The "Conscious Lovers" redeemed the credit he had previously forfeited; and in giving the town a novelty, by combining moral instruction with enter-

tainment, he established a reputation with the good, and augmented his sway among the depraved.

This play was performed at Drury Lane in 1721. The merit of the graver scenes, from which the most powerful effect was produced at the time it first appeared, has since been much obscured by imitations which have surpassed the original; but to Steele are due the honours of originality, and of teaching an audience to think and to feel, as well as to laugh and applaud, at the representation of a comedy.

The scenes, wherein Bevil and Indiana are concerned either together or separately, have ever been considered as elegantly written, highly refined, and deeply interesting. There is, notwithstanding, a degree of languor which pervades some of those scenes in the representation; nor has the remaining part of the comedy force sufficient to buoy up those characters, which, upon the stage, sink into insipidity, through the lifeless weight of mere refinement.

But though neither the extravagant raptures of love, nor the brilliancy of wit, are here to be found; sprightly dialogue, nervous sentiment, with affecting incident, are excellent substitutes: and if, in the character of Cimberton, the author has at times degraded his muse, to comply with the degraded taste of the auditors of that period; the readers of this, will pardon such a fault in one, who seldom offended against good manners: and they will surely set a peculiar value on the whole drama, as the work of Sir Richard Steele.

This celebrated author added to his other profes-

sions, that of a politician; and his pen was of infinite use to the party whose opinions he adopted. He was indefatigable in producing pamphlets, essays, and other political writings, in support of his friends, and to the annoyance of their adversaries.

As Steele took all the liberty with the press which the press would give, and sometimes a little more—so, as he ranged himself with the strong or with the weak, on the ministerial or on the opposition side of the question, was he alternately punished or rewarded.

About the middle of Queen Anne's reign, this author was both a placeman and pensioner—towards the end of it, he found the resignation of all such profit necessary; and having procured a seat in parliament, was expelled from that house for writing seditious libels.

On the accession of George the First, he was taken into favour, on account of his former disloyalty; was appointed surveyor to the royal stables at Hampton Court; was put into the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex; obtained a patent from his majesty, which made him manager and governor of the royal company of comedians, during his life, and received the honour of knighthood.

Sir Richard was now once again chosen a representative in parliament, and obtained a more lucrative appointment than ever, as one of the commissioners for inquiring into the estates, forfeited by the late rebellion in Scotland. But neither this, the income which arose from his various other sinecure places,

nor a fortune and estate which marriage had brought him, were sufficient to supply that idle luxury in which he lived, and the bounty he bestowed upon the necessitous. He was so inconsiderate, that his very best deeds lost that virtue which they would have derived from premeditation.

Although, from his careless character, the gifts which Steele bestowed upon the poor may be ascribed to his want of thought; still the advice, the admonitions, which he generously gave to the world, can admit of no such conclusion—for he certainly did not write without thinking.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
YOUNG BEVIL	*Mr. Holman.*	*Mr. Reddish.*
MYRTLE	*Mr. Betterton.*	*Mr. Wroughton.*
SEALAND	*Mr. Murray.*	*Mr. Aickin.*
SIR JOHN BEVIL	*Mr. Hull.*	*Mr. Packer.*
CIMBERTON	*Mr. Munden.*	*Mr. Parsons.*
HUMPHREY	*Mr. Thompson.*	*Mr. Usher.*
DANIEL	*Mr. Simmons.*	*Mr. Wewitzer.*
TOM	*Mr. Lewis.*	*Mr. King.*
INDIANA	*Mrs. Spencer.*	*Miss Younge.*
LUCINDA	*Miss Mansel.*	*Miss Hopkins.*
MRS. SEALAND	*Mrs. Davenport.*	*Mrs. Hopkins.*
PHILLIS	*Mrs. Mattocks.*	*Mrs. Abington.*
ISABELLA	*Miss Platt.*	*Mrs. Johnston.*

SCENE—London.

THE

CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

SIR JOHN BEVIL'S *House.*

SIR JOHN BEVIL *and* HUMPHREY *discovered.*

Sir J. Bev. Have you ordered, that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Humph. Yes, sir; I believed you had something of moment to say to me.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee, then. In the first place, this wedding of my son's, in all probability, will never be at all.

Humph. How, sir, not be at all! for what reason is it carried on in appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honest Humphrey, have patience, and I'll tell thee all in order. I have myself in some part of my life lived indeed with freedom, but I hope without reproach: now, I thought liberty would be as little injurious to my son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards man, I indulged him in living after his own manner. I knew not how otherwise to judge of

his inclination; for what can be concluded from a behaviour under restraint and fear? To be short, Humphrey, his reputation was so fair in the world, that old Sealand, the great India merchant, has offered his only daughter, and sole heiress to that vast estate of his, as a wife for him. You may be sure, I made no difficulties; the match was agreed on, and this very day named for the wedding.

Humph. What hinders the proceeding?

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was last Thursday at the masquerade; my son, you may remember, soon found us out——he knew his grandfather's habit, which I then wore; and though it was in the mode in the last age, yet the maskers, you know, followed us as if we had been the most monstrous figures in that whole assembly.

Humph. I remember, indeed, a young man of quality, in the habit of a clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Bev. Right—he was too much what he seemed to be. You remember how impertinently he followed and teased us, and would know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a mind to come into that particular. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he followed us till the gentleman who led the lady in the Indian mantle presented that gay creature to the rustic, and bid him (like Cymon in the fable) grow polite, by falling in love, and let that worthy old gentleman alone, meaning me. The clown was not reformed, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my mask; with that, the gentleman, throwing off his own, appeared to be my son, and, in his concern for me, tore off that of the nobleman: at this they seized each other, the company called the guards, and in the surprise the lady swooned away; upon which my son quitted his adversary, and had now no care but of the lady——

when raising her in his arms, "Art thou gone," cried he, "for ever——forbid it, Heaven!"—She revives at his known voice—and with the most familiar, though modest gesture, hangs on his shoulder weeping, but wept as in the arms of one before whom she could give herself a loose, were she not under observation: while she hides her face in his neck, he carefully conveys her from the company.

Humph. I have observed this accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon air, her noble modesty, the dignity of her person, and the occasion itself, drew the whole assembly together; and I soon heard it buzzed about she was the adopted daughter of a famous sea-officer, who had served in France. Now this unexpected and public discovery of my son's so deep concern for her——

Humph. Was what, I suppose, alarmed Mr. Sealand, in behalf of his daughter, to break off the match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right—he came to me yesterday, and said he thought himself disengaged from the bargain, being credibly informed my son was already married, or worse, to the lady at the masquerade. I palliated matters, and insisted on our agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct breach between us.

Humph. Well, sir, and what notice have you taken of all this to my young master?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you—I have said nothing to him yet—But lookye, Humphrey, if there is so much in this amour of his, that he denies, upon my summons, to marry, I shall know how far he is engaged to this lady in masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my measures; in the mean time, I would have you find out how far that rogue, his man, is let into his secret—

he, I know, will play tricks as much to cross me as to serve his master.

Humph. Why do you think so of him, sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you at your son's age.

Sir J. Bev. I see it in the rascal's looks. I'll go to my son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his rogue, Tom, that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you. [*Exit.*

Humph. Well, though this father and son live as well together as possible, yet their fear of giving each other pain is attended with constant mutual uneasiness. O, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better fed than taught!—Ho, ho, Tom! whither so gay and so airy this morning?

Enter TOM, *singing.*

Tom. Sir, we servants of single gentlemen are another kind of people than you domestic ordinary drudges that do business; we are raised above you: the pleasures of board wages, tavern dinners, and many a clear gain, vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a year, though it is but as t'other day that I sent for you to town to put you into Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper obedience.——You then pulled off your hat to every one you met in the street, like a bashful, great, awkward cub, as you were. But your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling stick at your button, now you are a fop, that's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your master's hand, when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle Humphrey, you know my master scorns to strike his servants; you talk as if the world was now just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth——when you went to dinner because it was so much o'clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

Humph. Why, you wild rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your dinner, till a formal fellow in a black gown said something over the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?—despising men of sacred characters! I hope you never heard my young master talk so like a profligate.

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me when I first came to town about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing shams, to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my clothes fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you those lessons, because I supposed at that time your master and you might have dined at home every day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made you a good family servant; but the gang you have frequented since, at chocolate houses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance——

Tom. I don't know what you heavy inmates call noise and extravagance; but we gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows, who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph. Very well, sir—I hope the fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end, since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

Tom. Master Humphrey, ha! ha! you were an unhappy lad, to be sent up to town in such queer days as you were. Why now, sir, the lackeys are the men of pleasure of the age; the top gamesters, and many a laced coat about town, have had their education in our party coloured regiment.—We are false lovers, have a taste of music, poetry, billet doux, dress, politics; ruin damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters' clothes, and marry fortunes.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer: I wanted to see you, to inquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them: I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Ay, sir, he knows it, and is dressed as gay as the sun; but, between you and I, my dear, he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As soon as he was dressed, I retired, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walked thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his closet: when he came out, he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid, you know——

Humph. Is passionately fond of your fine person.

Tom. The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, operas, and masquerades; and lard! says she, you are so wild—but you have a world of humour.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your master's letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he ordered you?

Tom. Because Mrs. Lucinda is not so easily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not easily come at? why, sir, are not her father and my old master agreed that she and Mr Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning?

Tom. It's no matter for that: her mother, it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it; and you must know, Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the grey mare is the better horse.

Humph. What dost thou mean?

Tom. In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of hers, a stiff starched philosopher, and a wise fool, for her daughter; for which reason, for these ten days past, she has suffered no message nor letter from my master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond soul, that can keep nothing from me——one that will deliver this letter too, if she is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What, her pretty handmaid, Mrs. Phillis?

Tom. Even she, sir. This is the very hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit to our housekeeper, forsooth, but in reality to have a glance at——

Humph. Your sweet face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in nature. You must know I love to fret and play with the little wanton——

Humph. Play with the little wanton! what will this world come to!

Tom. I met her this morning in a new gown, not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing, and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new clothes—then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house, and is indeed the whole town of coquettes at second-hand.——But here she comes; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear sir, when your own affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

Tom. Dear Humphrey! you know my master is my friend, and those are people I never forget—

Humph. Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILLIS.

Phil. O Mr. Thomas, is Mrs. Sugarkey at home? —Lard! one is almost ashamed to pass along the streets. The town is quite empty, and nobody of fashion left in it; and the ordinary people do so stare to see any thing dressed like a woman of condition, pass by. Alas! alas! it is a sad thing to walk. O fortune, fortune!

Tom. What! a sad thing to walk! why, madam Phillis, do you wish yourself lame?

Phil. No, Mr. Thomas, but I wish I were generally carried in a coach or chair, and of a fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to fleer in the face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and if I were rich, I could twire and loll as well as the best of them. O Tom, Tom! is it not a pity that you should be so great a coxcomb, and I so great a coquette, and yet be such poor devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. Phillis, I am your humble servant for that—

Phil. Yes, Mr. Thomas, I know how much you are my humble servant, and know what you said to Mrs. Judy, upon seeing her in one of her lady's cast mantuas, that any one would have thought her the lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy—for now only it was becoming—This you said after somebody or other. O Tom, Tom! thou art as false and as base as the best gentleman of them all: but, you wretch! talk to me no more on the odious subject; don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your commands, madam. [*In a submissive Tone, retiring.*

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom. O, I have her! I have nettled and put her into the right temper to be wrought upon and set a prating. [*Aside.*]—Why, truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. Phillis, I can take little comfort of late in frequenting your house.

Phil. Pray, Mr. Thomas, what is it, all of a sudden, offends your nicety at our house?

Tom. I don't care to speak particulars, but I dislike the whole.

Phil. I thank you, sir; I am a part of that whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good Phillis.

Phil. Good Phillis! saucy enough. But however—

Tom. I say it is, that thou art a part which gives me pain for the disposition of the whole. You must know, madam, to be serious, I am a man at the bottom of prodigious nice honour. You are too much, exposed to company at your house. To be plain, I don't like so many, that would be your mistress's lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this, because I wrung you to the heart when I touched your guilty conscience about Judy.

Tom. Don't disparage your charms, good Phillis, with jealousy of so worthless an object; besides, she is a poor hussy; and if you doubt the sincerity of my love, you will allow me true to my interest. You are a fortune, Phillis—

Phil. What would the fop be at now? In good time indeed, you shall be setting up for a fortune.

Tom. Dear Mrs. Phillis! you have such a spirit that we shall never be dull in mrrriage, when we come together. But I tell you, you are a fortune, and you have an estate in my hands.

[*He pulls out a Purse—she eyes it.*

Phil. What pretence have I to what is in your hands, Mr. Thomas?

Tom. As thus: there are hours, you know, when a lady is neither pleased nor displeased, neither sick nor well, when she lolls or loiters, when she is without desires, from having more of every thing than she knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When she has not life enough to keep her bright eyes quite open to look at her own dear image in the glass.

Phil. Explain thyself, and don't be so fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are also prosperous and good natur'd moments, as when a knot or a patch is happily fixed, when the complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not patience!

Tom. Why then—or on the like occasions—we servants, who have skill to know how to time business, see, when such a pretty folded thing as this is [*Shows a Letter.*] may be presented, laid, or dropped, as best suits the present humour. And, madam, because it is a long wearisome journey to run through all the several stages of a lady's temper, my master, who is the most reasonable man in the world, presents you this, to bear your charges on the road.

[*Gives her the Purse.*

Phil. Now, you think me a corrupt hussy.

Tom. O fie! I only think you'll take the letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do; but I know my own innocence: I take it for my mistress's sake.

Tom. I know it, my pretty one! I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it, because I would not have my mistress deluded by one, who gives no proof of his passion: but I'll talk more of this as you see me on my way home.——No, Tom; I assure thee I take this trash of thy master's, not for the value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true respect for my mistress. I remember a verse to the purpose:—

They may be false, who languish and complain,
But they who part with money never feign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

BEVIL *junior's Lodgings.*

BEVIL *junior discovered reading.*

Bev. jun. These moral writers practise virtue after death. This charming vision of Mirza! such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirits for the vicissitudes of the day better than the glass does a man's person. But what a day have I to go through! to put on an easy look with an aching heart!——If this lady, my father urges me to marry, should not refuse me, my dilemma is insupportable. But why should I fear it? Is not she in equal distress with me? Has not the letter I have sent her this morning confessed my inclinations to another? Nay, have I not moral assurances of her engagements too to my friend Myrtle? It's impossible but she must give in to it; for sure to be denied is a favour any man may pretend to. It must be so.——Well, then, with the assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my father, I am ready to marry her—then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at) an honest dissimulation.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Sir John Bevil, sir, is in the next room.

Bev. jun. Dunce! why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, sir, you were in your closet.

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, sir, it was my duty to see my father any where.

[*Going himself to the Door.*

Tom. The devil's in my master! he has always more wit than I have. [*Aside.*

BEVIL *junior introducing* SIR JOHN.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant, of all parents.—Sure 'tis not a compliment to say these lodgings are yours.—Why wou'd you not walk in, sir.

Sir J. Bev. I was loath to interrupt you unseasonably on your wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One, to whom I am beholden for my birth-day, might have used less ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, son, I have intelligence you have writ to your mistress this morning. It would please my curiosity to know the contents of a wedding-day letter, for courtship must then be over.

Bev. jun. I assure you, sir, there was no insolence in it upon the prospect of such a vast fortune's being added to our family, but much acknowledgment of the lady's great desert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this? and will you really marry her?

Bev. jun. Did I ever disobey any command of yours, sir? nay, any inclination that I saw you bent upon? If the lady is dressed and ready, you see I am. I suppose the lawyers are ready too.

Enter HUMPHREY.

Humph. Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. O, that's well! then I warrant the lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the way you say——

Bev. jun. If you please, sir, I'll take a chair, and go to Mr. Sealand's, where the young lady and I will wait your leisure.

Sir J. Bev. By no means—the old fellow will be so vain, if he sees——

Bev. jun. Ay,—but the young lady, sir, will think me so indifferent——

Humph. Ay—there you are right—press your readiness to go to the bride—he won't let you.

[*Aside to* BEVIL *jun.*

Bev. jun. Are you sure of that?

[*Aside to* HUMPHREY.

Humph. How he likes being prevented! [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no; you are an hour or two too early. [*Looking on his Watch.*

Bev. jun. To visit a beautiful, virtuous, young woman, in the pride and bloom of life, ready to give herself to my arms, and to place her happiness or misery for the future in being agreeable or displeasing to me, is a——Call a chair.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this matter. You can't tell how humoursome old fellows are.—There's no offering reason to some of them, especially when they are rich.—I'll go myself, and take orders in your affair—You'll be in the way, I suppose, if I send to you—I'll leave your old friend with you——Humphrey—don't let him stir, d'ye hear. Your servant, your servant. [*Exit* SIR JOHN.

Humph. I have a sad time on't, sir, between you and my master—I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent inclinations for the match; I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common good.——Heav'n grant a good end of this matter: but there is a lady, sir, that gives your father much trouble and sorrow—You'll pardon me.

Bev. jun. Humphrey, I know thou art a friend to both, and in that confidence I dare tell thee—That lady—is a woman of honour and virtue. You may assure yourself I never will marry without my father's consent; but give me leave to say too, this de-

claration does not come up to a promise that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

Humph. My dear master! were I but worthy to know this secret that so near concerns you, my life, my all, should be engaged to serve you. This, sir, I dare promise, that I'm sure I will and can be secret: your trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so.

Bev. jun. That's all I ask. Thou hast made it now my interest to trust thee.——Be patient, then, and hear the story of my heart.

Humph. I am all attention, sir.

Bev. jun. You may remember, Humphrey, that in my last travels my father grew uneasy at my making so long a stay at Toulon.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His fears were just, for there I first saw this lady: she is of English birth: her father's name was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient family, and originally an eminent merchant of Bristol, who, upon repeated misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the Indies. In this retreat, Providence again grew favourable to his industry, and in six years time restored him to his former fortunes. On this he sent directions over, that his wife and little family should follow him to the Indies. His wife impatient to obey such welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convoy, but took the first occasion of a single ship, and with her husband's sister only, and this daughter, then scarce seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage: for here, poor creature, she lost her liberty and life: she and her family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a prisoner, though, as such, not ill treated, yet the fright, the shock, and the cruel disappointment, seized with such violence upon

her unhealthy frame, she sickened, pined, and died at sea.

Humph. Poor soul! Oh, the helpless infant!

Bev. jun. Her sister yet survived, and had the care of her: the captain, too, proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himself married an English woman, and being childless, he brought home into Toulon this, her little countrywoman, this orphan, I may call her, presenting her, with all her dead mother's moveables of value, to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seemed again to smile on her.

Bev. jun. Only to make her frowns more terrible; for, in his height of fortune, this captain too, her benefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea, and dying intestate, his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found, among his other riches, this blooming virgin at his mercy.

Humph. He durst not sure abuse his power!

Bev. jun. No wonder, if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her.——In short, he loved; but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty, demanding her to account for all her maintenance from her childhood, seized on her little fortune, as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to prison, when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me by miracle to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence, indeed! But, pray, sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England?

Bev. jun. The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts descended to a composition, which I, without her knowledge, secretly discharged.

Humph. That generous concealment made the obligation double.

Bev. jun. Having thus obtained her liberty, I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England, where we no sooner arrived, but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal match, that hangs upon my quiet.

Humph. I find, sir, you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

Bev. jun. As my vital life dwells in my heart—and yet you see what I do to please my father;—walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow.

Humph. Now, sir, I have but one material question—

Bev. jun. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own passion for this secret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

Bev. jun. I shall appear, Humphrey, more romantic in my answer than in all the rest of my story; for though I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me, yet, in all my acquaintance and utmost privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it.

Bev. jun. My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct, that, till I have his consent to speak, I am determined on that subject to be dumb for ever.

Humph. Well, sir, to your praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great Britain.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle's at the next door, and, if you are at leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. jun. Whene'er he pleases——Hold, Tom; did you receive no answer to my letter?

Tom. Sir, I was desired to call again; for I was told, her mother would not let her be out of her sight; but about an hour hence, Mrs. Phillis said, I should have one.

Bev. jun. Very well. [*Exit* TOM.

Humph. Sir, I will take another opportunity; in the mean time I only think it proper to tell you, that, from a secret I know, you may appear to your father as forward as you please to marry Lucinda, without the least hazard of its coming to a conclusion.——Sir, your most obedient servant.

Bev. jun. Honest Humphrey! continue but my friend in this exigence and you shall always find me yours. [*Exit* HUMPHREY.] I long to hear how my letter has succeeded with Lucinda. But I think it cannot fail; Poor Myrtle! what terrors must he be in all this while!——Since he knows she is offered to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing, or taking any measures with him, for his own service. But I ought to bear with my friend, and use him as one in adversity.

All his disquietudes by my own I prove,
For none exceeds perplexity in love. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

BEVIL *junior's Lodgings.*

Enter BEVIL *jun. and* TOM.

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Very well.——Do you step again, and wait for an answer to my letter. [*Exit* TOM.

Enter MYRTLE.

Well, Charles, why so much care in thy countenance? Is there any thing in this world deserves it? you, who used to be so gay, so open so vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late changed complexions. You, who used to be so much the graver man, are now all air in your behaviour.——But the cause of my concern may, for aught I know, be the same object that gives you all this satisfaction. In a word, I am told, that you are this very day (and your dress confirms me in it) to be married to Lucinda.

Bev. jun. You are not misinformed.——Nay, put not on the terrors of a rival till you hear me out. I shall disoblige the best of fathers, if I don't seem ready to marry Lucinda; and you know I have ever told you, you might make use of my secret resolution never to marry her, for your own service, as you please: but I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing or complying, unless you help me to escape the match.

Myrt. Escape, sir, neither her merit nor her fortune are below your acceptance. Escaping do you call it?

Bev. jun. Dear sir, do you wish I should desire the match?

Myrt. No——but such is my humourous and sickly state of mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but Lucinda, that though I must owe my happiness to your aversion to this marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with levity or unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, sir, I shall transgress that way no more. She has understanding, beauty, shape, complexion, wit——

Myrt. Nay, dear Bevil! don't speak of her as if you loved her neither.

Bev. jun. Why then, to give you ease at once, though I allow Lucinda to have good sense, wit, beauty, and virtue, I know another in whom these qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

Myrt. There you spoke like a reasonable and good-natured friend. When you acknowledge her merit, and own your prepossession for another, at once you gratify my fondness, and cure my jealousy.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no notice, you have no apprehension, of another man that has twice the fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantic coxcomb!——for the sot, with all these crude notions of divers things, under the direction of great vanity and very little judgment, shows his strongest bias is avarice, which is so predominant in him, that he will examine the limbs of his mistress with the caution of a jockey, and pays no more compliment to her personal charms than if she were a mere breeding animal.

Bev. jun. Are you sure, that is not affected? I have known some women sooner set on fire by that sort of

negligence, than by all the blaze and ceremony of a court.

Myrt. No, no, hang him! the rogue has no art; it is pure simple insolence and stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet with all this I don't take him for a fool.

Myrt. I own the man is not a natural; he has a very quick sense, though a very slow understanding—he says, indeed, many things, that want only the circumstances of time and place to be very just and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be sure of me, if you can disappoint him; but my intelligence says, the mother has actually sent for the conveyancer to draw articles for his marriage with Lucinda, though those for mine with her are, by her father's order, ready for signing; But it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his daughter in the matter.

Myrt. Pshaw! a poor troublesome woman!—Neither Lucinda nor her father will ever be brought to comply with it—besides, I am sure Cimberton can make no settlement upon her without the concurrence of his great uncle, Sir Geoffry, in the West.

Bev. jun. Well, sir, and I can tell you, that's the very point, that is now laid before her council, to know whether a firm settlement can be made without this uncle's actually joining in it. Now, pray, consider, sir, when my affair with Lucinda comes, as it soon must, to an open rupture, how are you sure that Cimberton's fortune may not then tempt her father too to hear his proposals?

Myrt. There you are right, indeed; that must be provided against.—Do you know who are her counsel?

Bev. jun. Yes, for your service I have found out that too; they are Sergeant Bramble and old Target—By the way, they are neither of them known in the family: now I was thinking why you might not put

a couple of false counsels upon her, to delay and confound matters a little—besides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole design against you.

Myrt. As how, pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you slip on a black wig and a gown, and be old Bramble yourself?

Myrt. Ha! I don't dislike it—but what shall I do for a brother in the case?

Bev. jun. What think you of my fellow, Tom? The rogue's intelligent, and is a good mimic; all his part will be but to stutter heartily, for that's old Target's case—the conduct of the scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all things; if you'll send Tom to my chambers, I will give him full instructions. This will certainly give me occasion to raise difficulties, to puzzle or confound her project for a while at least.

Bev. jun. I warrant your success; so far we are right then. And now, Charles, your apprehensions of my marrying her is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear Bevil, though I know you are my friend, yet when I abstract myself from my own interest in the thing, I know no objection she can make to you or you to her, and therefore hope—

Bev. jun. Dear Myrtle, I am as much obliged to you for the cause of your suspicion, as I am offended at the effect; but, be assured, I am taking measures for your certain security, and that all things, with regard to me, will end in your entire satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can, though I cannot but remember, that I have more than life at stake on your fidelity. [*Going.*

Bev. jun. Then, depend upon it, you have no chance against you.

Myrt. Nay, no ceremony; you know I must be going. [*Exit* MYRTLE.

Bev. jun. But all this while poor Indiana is tor-

tured with the doubt of me; she has no support or comfort but in my fidelity, yet sees me daily pressed to marriage with another. How, painful, in such a crisis, must be every hour she thinks on me! I'll let her see, at least, my conduct to her is not changed. I'll take this opportunity to visit her; for, though the religious vow I have made to my father restrains me from ever marrying without his approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous woman, that is the pure delight of my eyes, and the guiltless joy of my heart. But the best condition of human life is but a gentler misery.

To hope for perfect happiness is vain,
And love has ever its allays of pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

INDIANA'S *Lodgings.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* INDIANA.

Isa. Yes——I say 'tis artifice, dear child! I say to thee, again and again, 'tis all skill and management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill design in supporting me in the condition of a woman of quality! attended, dressed and lodged, like one, in my appearance abroad, and my furniture at home, every way in the most sumptuous manner, and he that does it has an artifice, a design in it?

Isa. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him?

Isa. Ay, ay,—the more for that—that keeps the title to all you have the more in him.

Ind. The more in him!—he scorns the thought—

Isa. Then he—he—he—

Ind. Well, be not so eager.——If he is an ill man, let's look into his stratagems: here is another of them: [*Showing a Letter.*] here's two hundred and fifty pounds, in bank notes, with these words, "*To pay for the set of dressing-plate which will be brought home to-morrow.*" Why, dear aunt! now here's another piece of skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend; and it is with a bleeding heart I hear you say any thing to the disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present, I look upon him as one, to whom I owe my life and the support of it; then, again, as the man who loves me with sincerity and honour. When his eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my heart is painfully divided between shame and love—I say, thus it is with me while I see him; and in his absence I am entertained with nothing but your endeavours to tear this amiable image from my heart, and in its stead to place a base dissembler, an artful invader of my happiness, my innocence, my honour.

Isa. Ah, poor soul! has not his plot taken? don't you die for him? has not the way he has taken been the most proper with you? Oh, ho! he has sense, and has judged the thing right.

Ind. Go on, then, since nothing can answer you; say what you will of him——Heigho!

Isa. Heigho! indeed. It is better to say so as you are now than as many others are. There are, among the destroyers of women, the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, soon after their success in their designs, turn to the contrary of those characters.

Ind. That's truly observed. [*Aside.*] But what's all this to Bevil?

Isa. This is to Bevil, and all mankind. Such is the world, and such (since the behaviour of one man to myself) have I believed all the rest of the sex.

[*Aside.*

Ind. I will not doubt the truth of Bevil, I will not doubt it: he has not spoken it by an organ that is given to lying: his eyes are all that ever told me that he was mine. I know his virtue, I know his filial piety, and ought to trust his management with a father to whom he has uncommon obligations. What have I to be concerned for? My lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever, my purpose of life is only to please him. If he leaves me, (which Heaven avert!) I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than death has happened to me.

Isa. Ay, do persist in your credulity! flatter yourself, that a man of his figure and fortune will make himself the jest of the town, and marry a handsome beggar, for love.

Ind. The town! I must tell you, madam, the fools, that laugh at Mr. Bevil, will but make themselves more ridiculous; his actions are the result of thinking, and he has sense enough to make even virtue fashionable.

Isa. Come, come; if he were the honest fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three weeks, without sending you to Bristol, in search of your father, your family, and your relations?

Ind. I am convinced he still designs it; besides, has he not writ to Bristol? and has not he advice that my father has not been heard of there almost these twenty years?

Isa. All sham, mere evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest relations may take you out of his hands, and so blow up all his wicked hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked hopes! did I ever give him any such?

Isa. Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say in your conscience he has ever once offered to marry you?

Ind. No; but by his behaviour I am convinced he

will offer it the moment 'tis in his power, or consistent with his honour, to make such a promise good to me.

Isa. His honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my life uneasy by these ungrateful jealousies of one, to whom I am, and wish to be, obliged; for from his integrity alone I have resolved to hope for, happiness.

Isa. Nay, I have done my duty; if you won't see, at your peril be it.—— [*Exit.*

Ind. Let it be.—This is his hour of visiting me. All the rest of my life is but waiting till he comes; I live only while I'm with him.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Bevil.

Ind. Let him walk in.—Design! impossible! a base designing mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice—and yet, since the late rumour of his marriage, he seems more reserved than formerly—he sends in, too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure.——Such new respect may cover coldness in the heart—it certainly makes me thoughtful——I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair occasions in his way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an explanation——for these doubts are insupportable.——But see, he comes, and clears them all.

Enter BEVIL *junior.*

Bev. jun. Madam, your most obedient.—I am afraid I broke in upon your rest last night—'twas very late before we parted, but 'twas your own fault; I never saw you in such agreeable humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we are both pleased; for I thought I never saw you better company.

Bev. jun. Me, madam! you rally; I said very little.

Ind. But I am afraid you heard me say a great deal; and when a woman is in the talking vein, the most agreeable thing a man can do, you know, is to have patience to hear her.

Bev. jun. Then it's pity, madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

Ind. If I had your talent or power to make my actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

Bev. jun. If I might be vain of any thing in my power, madam, it is, that my understanding, from all your sex has marked you out as the most deserving object of my esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, it were enough to make my vanity forfeit the esteem you offer me.

Bev. jun. How so, madam?

Ind. Because esteem is the result of reason, and to deserve it from good sense the height of human glory. —Nay, I had rather a man of honour should pay me that, than all the homage of a sincere and humble love.

Bev. jun. You certainly distinguish right, madam; love often kindles from external merit only—

Ind. But esteem arises from a higher source, the merit of the soul—

Bev. jun. True——and great souls only can deserve it. [*Bowing respectfully.*

Ind. Now I think they are greater still that can so charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, madam, you make me vain, since the utmost pride and pleasure of my life is that I esteem you—as I ought.

Ind. [*Aside.*] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my hope.

Bev. jun. But, madam, we grow grave, methinks—let's find some other subject.——Pray how did you like the opera last night?

Ind. First give me leave to thank you for my tickets.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir here's Signior Carbonelli says he waits your commands in the next room.

Bev. jun. Apropos! you were saying yesterday, madam, you had a mind to hear him.—Will you give him leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all means. Desire the gentleman to walk in. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Now, once more to try him. [*Aside.*] I was saying just now, I believe, you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so: however, I must have your opinion upon a subject which created a debate between my aunt and me just before you came hither; she would needs have it that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness or service for a woman but for his own sake.

Bev. jun. Well, madam! indeed I can't but be of her mind.

Ind. What, though he would maintain and support her, without demanding any thing of her on her part!

Bev. jun. Why, madam, is making an expense in the service of a valuable woman, (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such service, such a mighty heroic business?

Ind. Certainly! I should think he must be a man of an uncommon mould.

Bev. jun. Dear madam, why so? 'tis but at best

a better taste in expense. What mighty matter is there in all this?

Ind. No mighty matter in so disinterested a friendship!

Bev. jun. Disinterested! I can't think him so. Why, madam, a greater expense than all, this men lay out upon an unnecessary stable of horses.

Ind. Can you be sincere in what you say!

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any such man, he does not love dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor cards, nor dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor bottle companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor loose women.

Ind. No, I'm sure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my word, then, if your admired hero is not liable to any of these kind of demands, there's no such preeminence in this as you imagine.

Ind. But still, I insist, his having no private interest in the action makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear madam, I never knew you more mistaken. Why, who can be more an usurer than he, who lays out his money in such valuable purchases? If pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a pleasure is it to him, who has a true taste of life, to ease an aching heart; to see the human countenance lighted up into smiles of joy, on the receipt of a bit of ore, which is superfluous, and otherwise useless, in a man's own pocket! This is the effect of a humane disposition, where there is only a general tie of nature and common necessity; what then must it be, when we serve an object of merit, of admiration!

Ind. Well, the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the generosity.

Bev. jun. Nay, then, madam, 'tis time to fly, after a declaration that my opinion strengthens my adversary's argument—I had best hasten to my appointment with Mr. Myrtle, and be gone, while we are friends, and—before things are brought to an extremity. [*Exit carelessly.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Well, madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I protest I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On my heart, he has no other view but the mere pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad designs upon me.

Isa. Ah, dear niece, don't be in fear of both; I'll warrant you, you will know time enough that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You please me when you tell me so; for if he has any wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them but with honour.

Isa. I wish I were as confident of one as t'other.—I saw the respectful downcast of his eye, when you catched him gazing at you during the music. O the undissembled guilty look! but till—till—till—

Ind. Till what?

Isa. Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes—and that I will be convinced of before I sleep, for you shall not be deceived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Ind. I'm sure I never shall, if your fears can guard me. In the mean time, I'll wrap myself up in the integrity of my own heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conscious honour all his actions steers,
So conscious innocence dispels my fears. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

SEALAND'S *House.*

Enter TOM, *meeting* PHILLIS.

Tom. Well Phillis!——What! with a face as if you had never seen me before!——What work have I to do now! She has seen some new visitant at their house, whose airs she has catched, and is resolved to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance through, before she'll answer this plain question, *videlicet*, Have you delivered my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. [*Aside.*]——Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant.

[*Looking stedfastly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am, indeed.—The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty; perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I'll say one word. [*Aside.*

Tom. I should, perhaps, have been stupidly above her, had I not been her equal, and by not being her equal, never had opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant for hire, I am my mistress's from choice, wou'd she but approve my passion.

Phil. I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! can you doubt, after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffered, or are ready to suffer, for me.

Tom. O the unmerciful jade! when I'm in haste about my master's letter—But I must go through it, [*Aside.*]—Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what occasion, I was first surprised. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the housekeeper.——At that time we neither of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean—the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you—you could not guess what surprised me—you took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close, and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, you rubbed a dirty cloth against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when

I again drew near, you spit and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

Phil. What silly thoughts you men have!

Tom. We were Pyramus and Thisbe—but ten times harder was my fate: Pyramus could peep only through a wall; I saw her, saw my Thisbe, in all her beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls between! for there was more, there was her will against me.—Would she butrelent!——Oh, Phillis! Phillis! shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh, my charming Phillis! if all depended on my fair one's will, I could with glory suffer——but, dearest creature! consider our miserable state.

Phil. How! miserable!

Tom. We are miserable to be in love, and under the command of others than those we love—with that generous passion in the heart to be sent to and fro on errands, called, checked, and rated for the meanest trifles——Oh, Phillis! you don't know how many china cups and glasses my passion for you has made me break: you have broken my fortune as well as my heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. Thomas, I cannot but own to you, that I believe your master writes, and you speak, the best of any men in the world. Never was a woman so well pleased with a letter as my young lady was with his, and this is an answer to it.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Tom. This was well done, my dearest! Consider, we must strike out some pretty livelihood for ourselves, by closing their affairs: it will be nothing for them to give us a little being of our own, some small tenement, out of their large possessions: whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themselves: one acre with Phillis would be worth a whole country without her.

Phil. Oh, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the utterance, believe the touch of my lips. [*Kisses her.*

Phil. There's no contradicting you. How closely you argue, Tom!

Tom. And will closer in due time; but I must hasten with this letter, to hasten towards the possession of you—then, Phillis, consider how I must be revenged (look to it!) of all your skittishness, shy looks, and at best but coy compliances.

Phil. Oh, Tom! you grow wanton and sensual, as my lady calls it: I must not endure it. Oh! foh! you are a man, an odious, filthy male creature! you should behave, if you had a right sense, or were a man of sense, like Mr. Cimberton, with distance and indifference; and not rush on one as if you were seizing a prey. But, hush—the ladies are coming.—Good Tom, don't kiss me above once, and be gone. —Lard! we have been fooling and toying, and not considered the main business of our masters and mistresses.

Tom. Why, their business is to be fooling and toying as soon as the parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remembered—Parchments—my lady, to my knowledge, is preparing writings between her coxcomb cousin, Cimberton, and my mistress, though my master has an eye to the parchments already prepared between your master, Mr. Bevil, and my mistress; and I believe my mistress herself has signed and sealed in her heart to Mr. Myrtle.—Did I not bid you kiss me but once, and be gone? but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth creature! how should I? [*Kisses her Hand.*

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my hand only, I'll take my leave of you, like a great lady, and you a man of quality. [*They salute formally.*

Tom. Pox of all this state!

[*Offers to kiss her more closely.*

Phil. Oh, here is my young mistress! [TOM *taps her Neck behind, and kisses his Fingers.*] Go, ye liquorish fool. [*Exit* TOM.

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Who was that you were hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your ladyship's service, to carry your ladyship's letter to his master. I could hardly get the rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little love for his master?

Phil. No, but he has so much love for his mistress.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you: why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love. We servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow or treat for, are forced to deal and bargain by way of sample; and therefore, as we have no parchments or wax necessary in our agreements, we squeeze with our hands, and seal with our lips, to ratify vows and promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another, without such earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you gentry, to come together without deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert, merry, hussy.

Phil. I wish, madam, your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, madam; and I won't ask you what you intend to do with Mr. Myrtle, what your father will do with Mr. Bevil, nor what you all, especially my lady, mean by admitting Mr. Cimberton as particularly here as if he were married to you al-

ready; nay, you are married actually, as far as people of quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different beds in the same house.

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great value for Mr. Bevil, but have absolutely put an end to his pretensions in the letter I gave you for him.

Phil. Then, Mr. Myrtle——

Luc. He had my parents' leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me and my affections: who is to have this body of mine, without them, it seems is nothing to me: my mother says, 'tis indecent for me to let my thoughts stray about the person of my husband; nay, she says a maid rightly virtuous, though she may have been where her lover was a thousand times, should not have made observations enough to know him from another man, when she sees him in a third place.

Phil. That's more than the severity of a nun, for not to see when one may is hardly possible, not to see when one can't is very easy: at this rate, madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen, who——

Luc. Mamma says, the first time you see your husband should be at that instant he is made so. When your father, with the help of the minister, gives you to him, then you are to see him, then you are to observe and take notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my lady remember, you are to love as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a passion, 'tis a desire, and we must have no desires. Oh! I cannot endure the reflection! With what insensibility on my part, with what more than patience, have I been exposed and offered to some awkward booby or other in every county of Great Britain!

Phil. Indeed, madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before with this indignation.

Luc. Every corner of the land has presented me with a wealthy coxcomb: as fast as one treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my name and person has been the tittle-tattle of the whole town.

Phil. But, madam, all these vexations will end very soon in one for all: Mr. Cimberton is your mother's kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly; nay has, whether you know it or no, been in treaty with Sir Geoffry, who, to join in the settlement, has accepted of a sum to do it, and is every moment expected in town for that purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this intelligence?

Phil. By an art I have, I thank my stars, beyond all the waiting-maids in Great Britain; the art of listening, madam, for your ladyship's service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do. Leave me, leave me, Phillis; begone. Here, here, I'll turn you out. My mother says I must not converse with my servants, though I must converse with no one else. [*Exit* PHIL.] Here he comes, with my mother—it's much-if he looks at me, or if he does, take no more notice of me than of any other moveable in the room.

Enter MRS. SEALAND *and* MR. CIMBERTON.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned taste of yours, and the worthy regard you have to your own ancient and honourable house, in consulting a means to keep the blood as pure and as regularly descended as may be!

Cimb. Why really, madam, the young women of this age are treated with discourses of such a tendency, and their imaginations so bewildered in flesh and blood, that a man of reason can't talk to be understood: they have no ideas of happiness but

what are more gross than the gratification of hunger and thirst.

Luc. With how much reflection he is a coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Cimb. And in truth, madam, I have considered it as a most brutal custom, that persons of the first character in the world should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame, to bed as to dinner with one another.

Luc. She, that willingly goes to bed to thee, must have no shame, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh, cousin Cimberton! cousin Cimberton! how abstracted, how refined is your sense of things! but indeed it is too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best governed families, my master and lady are gone to bed—one does not know but it might have been said of one's self.

[*Hiding her Face with her Fan.*

Cimb. Lycurgus, madam, instituted otherwise: among the Lacedemonians, the whole female world was pregnant, but none but the mothers themselves knew by whom; their meetings were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and no such professed doings between the sexes as are tolerated among us under the audacious word marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I lived in those days, and been a matron of Sparta, one might with less indecency have had ten children, according to that modest institution, than one under the confusion of our modern barefaced manner.

Luc. And yet, poor woman! she has gone through the whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. We will talk, then, of business. That girl, walking about the room there, is to be your wife: she has, I confess, no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother.

Cimb. I have observed her? her lively look, free air, and disengaged countenance, speak her very——

Luc. Very what?

Cimb. If you please, madam—to set her a little that way.

Mrs. Seal. Lucinda, say nothing to him, you are not a match for him: when you are married, you may speak to such a husband, when you're spoken to; but I am disposing of you above yourself every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniences I expose myself to, in hopes that your ladyship will be the consort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philosophy, can at all times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes carry away the man——Ha! ay, the vermilion of her lips!

Luc. Pray don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough—pant of her bosom!

Luc. Sir! madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward chest!

Luc. Intolerable!

Cimb. High health!

Luc. The grave, easy, impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud heart!

Luc. Stupid coxcomb!

Cimb. I say, madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck—what a spring in her step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange, unaccountable——

Cimb. What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!

Luc. I have no veins, no arteries!

Mrs. Seal. Oh, child! hear him; he talks finely; he's a scholar; he knows what you have.

Cimb. The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty little thing!—

Luc. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous

sot!—There's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale!

Cim. At sale!—she's very illiterate; but she's very well limbed too. Turn her in, I see what she is.

Mrs. Seal. Go, you creature! I am ashamed of you. [*Exit* LUCINDA, *in a Rage.*

Cimb. No harm done.—You know, madam, the better sort of people, as I observed to you, treat by their lawyers of weddings; [*Adjusting himself at the Glass.*] and the woman in the bargain, like the mansion-house in the sale of the estate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all considered.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no demand for her youth and beauty, and every other accomplishment, as the common world think them; because she is not polite. I have given directions for the marriage settlements, and Sir Geoffry Cimberton's counsel is to meet ours here at this hour, concerning his joining in the deed, which, when executed, makes you capable of settling what is due to Lucinda's fortune. Herself, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cimb. No, no, no; indeed, madam, it is not usual, and I must depend upon my own reflection and philosophy not to overstock my family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, cousin Cimberton, but she is, for aught I see, as well as the daughter of any body else.

Cimb. That is very true, madam.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The lawyers are come.

Mrs. Seal. But, good cousin, you must have patience with them. These lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind; one is what they call a chamber-counsel, the other a pleader: the conveyancer is slow, from an imperfection in his speech, and therefore shunned the bar, but extremely passionate, and im-

patient of contradiction: the other is as warm as he, but has a tongue so voluble, and a head so conceited, he will suffer nobody to speak but himself.

Cimb. You mean old Sergeant Target and Counsellor Bramble: I have heard of them.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter SERVANT, *introducing* MYRTLE *and* TOM, *disguised as* BRAMBLE *and* TARGET.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the party concerned, Mr. Cimberton; and I hope you have considered of the matter.

Target. Yes, madam, we have agreed, that it must be by indent—dent—dent—dent—

Bramb. Yes, madam, Mr. Sergeant and myself have agreed, as he is pleased to inform you, that it must be an indenture tripartite, and tripartite let it be, for Sir Geoffry must needs be a party. Old Cimberton, in the year 1619, says, in that ancient roll in Mr. Sergeant's hands, as recourse thereto being had will more at large appear——

Tar. Yes, and by the deeds in your hands it appears that——

Bramb. Mr. Sergeant, I beg of you to make no inferences upon what is in our custody, but speak to the titles in your own deeds.—I shall not show that deed, till my client is in town.

Cimb. You know best your own methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single question is, whether the entail is such, that my cousin, Sir Geoffry, is necessary in this affair?

Bramb. Yes, as to the lordship of Tretriplet, but not as to the messuage of Grimgribber.

Targ. I say that Gr—gr—, that Gr—gr—, Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us; that is to say, the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—, Tr—, Triplet.

Bramb. You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph, made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder even of Tretriplet is in him——but we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son.——Then we know Sir Geoffry is the first of the collateral male line in this family——yet——

Targ. Sir, Gr——gr——ber is—

Bramb. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclined to hear that in all its parts—but, sir, I see very plainly what you are going into—I tell you it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffry may die before Mr. Cimberton, as that he may outlive him.

Targ. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say—

Bramb. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument, but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton.—I am of opinion that, according to the instructions of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the entail, and then create a new estate for the heirs in general.

Targ. Sir, I have no patience to be told that, when Gr—gr—ber——

Bramb. I will allow it you, Mr. Sergeant; but there must be the words heirs for ever, to make such an estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, though you are counsel for my side of the question.——Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him.——But, gentlemen, I believe you have both considered this matter, and are firm in

your different opinions; 'twere better, therefore, you proceeded according to the particular sense of each of you, and give your thoughts distinctly in writing ——And, do you see, sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you say in English.

Bramb. Why, what is all we have been saying?—In English! Oh! but I forgot myself; you're a wit. ——But, however, to please you, sir, you shall have it in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

Cimb. But I will have it, sir, without delay.

Bramb. That, sir, the law will not admit of; the courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment obliged to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of them at least; the rest would take it ill else:—— therefore I must leave what I have said to Mr. Sergeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, sir.

[*Exit* BRAMBLE.

Targ. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. Bramble is very quick—he parted a little abruptly.

Targ. He could not bear my argument; I pinched him to the quick about that Gr—gr—ber— [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the tea-table, where I shall hear your ladyship's reason and good sense, after all this law and gibberish.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

BEVIL *junior's Lodgings.*

Enter BEVIL *junior, with a Letter in his Hand, followed by* TOM.

Tom. Upon my life, sir, I know nothing of the matter: I never opened my lips to Mr. Myrtle about any thing of your honour's letter to Madam Lucinda.

Bev. jun. What's the fool in such a fright for? I don't suppose you did: what I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle showed any suspicion, or asked you any questions, to lead you to say casually that you had carried any such letter for me this morning?

Tom. Why, sir, if he did ask me any questions, how could I help it?

Bev. jun. I don't say you could, oaf! I am not questioning you but him. What did he say to you.

Tom. Why, sir, when I came to his chambers to be dressed for the lawyer's part your honour was pleased to put me upon, he asked me if I had been to Mr. Scaland's this morning?——So I told him, sir, I often went thither——because, sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought there was something more in my going now than at another time.

Bev. jun. Very well.—The fellow's caution I find has given him this jealousy. [*Aside.*] Did he ask you no other questions?

Tom. Yes, sir—now I remember, as we came away

in the hackney-coach from Mr. Sealand's, Tom, says he, as I came in to your master this morning, he bade you go for an answer to a letter he had sent; pray did you bring him any? says he——Ah! says I, sir, your honour is pleased to joke with me; you have a mind to know whether I can keep a secret or no.

Bev. jun. And so, by showing him you could, you told him you had one.

Tom. Sir—— [*Confusedly.*

Bev. jun. What mean actions does jealousy make a man stoop to! how poorly has he used art with a servant, to make him betray his master!—Well, and when did he give you this letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it before he pulled of his lawyer's gown at his own chambers.

Bev. jun. Very well, and what did he say when you brought him my answer to it?

Tom. He looked a little out of humour, sir, and said it was very well.

Bev. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't—Wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this: I am afraid we are in the wrong box here—— [*Exit* TOM.

Bev. jun. I put on a serenity while my fellow was present, but I have never been more thoroughly disturbed. This hot man, to write me a challenge on supposed artificial dealing, when I professed myself his friend!—I can live contented without glory, but I cannot suffer shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider Lucinda's letter again. [*Reads.*

Sir, I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge that your manner of declining a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring the refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it than the courtship of him who I fear will fall to my lot, except your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness. I have reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this let-

ter till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble servant,
LUCINDA SEALAND.

Well, but the postscript. [*Reads.*

I won't, upon second thoughts, hide any thing from you: but my reason for concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle has a jealousy in his temper which gives me some terrors; but my esteem for him inclines me to hope that only an ill effect which sometimes accompanies a tender love, and what may be cured by a careful and unblameable conduct.

Thus has this lady made me her friend and confident, and put herself in a kind under my protection. I cannot tell him immediately the purport of this letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable passion of jealousy. But then this duelling, which custom has imposed upon every man who would live with reputation and honour in the world, how must I preserve myself from imputations there? he'll forsooth call it, or think it, fear, if I explain without fighting—But his letter—I'll read it again——

Sir, you have used me basely, in corresponding and carrying on a treaty, where you told me you were indifferent. I have changed my sword since I saw you, which advertisement I thought proper to send you against the next meeting between you and the injured
CHARLES MYRTLE.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, sir: would your honour please to see him?

Bev. jun. Why, you stupid creature! let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings! Show him up. [*Exit.* TOM.] Well, I am resolved upon my carriage to him. ——He is in love, and in every circumstance of life

a little distrustful, which I must allow for.—But here he is.

Enter TOM, *introducing* MYRTLE.

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour ——But, sir, you, with your very discerning face, leave the room. [*Exit* TOM.] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without farther ceremony or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have farther notice taken of my message than these half lines —I have yours—I shall be at home—

Bev. jun. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you, in a very unusual style, but as I design every thing in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face; and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myrt. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness; and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage and not mine, to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

Bev. jun. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising, that I understand what you would be at; but, sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! it would be a good first principle in those, who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries as—

Bev. jun. As what ?

Myrt. As fear of answering for them.

Bev. jun. As fear of answering for them ! but that apprehension is just or blameable according to the object of that fear.——I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life, and rushing into his presence. I say, by the very same act, to commit the crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this gravity, this show of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have indeed the best excuse for life, the hopes of possessing Lucinda; but consider, sir, I have as much reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her ; and my first attempt to recover her shall be to let her see the dauntless man who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, show me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorised, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will show thee, to chastise thee hardly deserves the name of courage. Slight inconsiderate man ! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger, and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger ? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your loose hours, and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honour, you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted, with anxiety and terror of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man ! goes on like common business, and in the interim you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready, Indiana.

Bev. jun. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man, and I'm excusable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more, to accept your invitation, and observe your letter.——Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Did you call, sir? I thought you did; I heard you speak loud.

Bev. jun. Yes; go call a coach.

Tom. Sir—Master—Mr. Myrtle—Friends—Gentlemen—what d'ye mean? I'm but a servant, or——

Bev. jun. Call a coach. [*Exit* TOM.

[*A long Pause, walking sullenly by each other.*—[*Aside.*] Shall I, though provoked to the uttermost, recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine? [*Shutting the Door.—To* MYRTLE.] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer, when, perhaps, too much regard to a false point of honour makes me prolong that suffering.

Myrt. I am sure Mr. Bevil cannot doubt but I had rather have satisfaction from his innocence than his sword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you ask it first that way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even though you

had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this letter about a man you had killed, would have been worse than death to yourself.—Read it.—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and shame has got the better of jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda.

[*Aside.*

Myrt. With what a superiority has he turned the injury upon me, as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported—"*A treaty in our family!*" is not that saying too much? I shall relapse ——But I find (on the postscript) "*something like jealousy*"—With what face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer? ——Oh, Bevil! with what words shall I——

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. jun. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I see in you towards me. Alas! what machines are we! thy face is altered to that of another man, to that of my companion, my friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray, no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends, for want of temper; and you must give me leave to say again and again how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with.—What had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason!

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the escape from ourselves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear Bevil! your friendly conduct has convinced me, that there is nothing manly but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice; and yet how many have been sa-

crificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their swords against each other with dissembled anger and real fear:

Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by shame,
They hazard being to preserve a name;
Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake,
Till plung'd in sad eternity they wake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

St. James's Park.

Enter SIR JOHN BEVIL *and* MR. SEALAND.

Sir J. Bev. Give me leave, however, Mr. Sealand, as we are upon a treaty for uniting our families, to mention only the business of an ancient house.—Genealogy and descent are to be of some consideration in an affair of this sort——

Mr. Seal. Sir John, value yourself as you please upon your ancient house, I am to talk freely of every thing you are pleased to put into your bill of rates on this occasion.—Yet, sir, I have made no objections to your son's family—it is his morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might injure a citizen's credit, may be no stain to a gentleman's honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir John, the honour of a gentleman is liable to be tainted by as small a matter as the credit of a trader: we are talking of a marriage, and in such a case, the father of a young woman will not think it an addition to the honour or credit of her lover—that he is a keeper——

Sir J. Bev. Mr. Sealand, don't take upon you to spoil my son's marriage with any woman else.

Mr. Seal. Sir John, let him apply to any woman else, and have as many mistresses as he pleases.

Sir J. Bev. My son, sir, is a discreet and sober gentleman.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never saw a man that wenched soberly and discreetly that ever left it off—the decency observed in the practice hides from the sinner even, the iniquity of it,

Sir J. Bev. But my son, sir, is, in the eye of the world, a gentleman of merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you I think him so—But, Sir John, I am a man exercised and experienced in chances and disasters; I lost in my earlier years a very fine wife, and with her a poor little infant: this makes me perhaps overcautious to preserve the second bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this child.—You'll pardon me: my poor girl, sir, is as valuable to me as your boasted son to you.

Sir. J. Bev. Why that's one very good reason, Mr. Sealand, why I wish my son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this strange lady here, this Incognita, that can be objected to him—Here and there a man falls in love with an artful creature, and gives up all the motives of life to that one passion.

Sir J Bev. A man of my son's understanding cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wise men have been so enslaved; and when a man marries with one of them upon his hands, he may love his wife for a month, perhaps—then good bye, madam—the show's over—Ah! John Dryden points out such a husband to a hair, where he says,

And while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.

Now, in plain terms, sir, I shall not care to have my poor girl turned a grazing, and that must be the case, when—

Sir J. Bev. But pray consider, sir, my son——

Mr. Seal. Look you, sir, I'll make the matter short. This unknown lady, as I told you, is all the objection I have to him: but one way or other he is or has been certainly engaged to her—I am therefore resolved this very afternoon to visit her: now from her behaviour or appearance I shall soon be let into what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident there can be nothing inquired into relating to my son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as sincerely as you believe it—Sir John Bevil, when I am satisfied in this great point, if your son's conduct answers the character you give him, I shall wish your alliance more than that of any gentleman in Great Britain, and so your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

BEVIL *junior's Lodgings.*

Enter TOM *and* PHILLIS.

Tom. Well, madam, if you must speak with Mr. Myrtle, you shall; he is now with my master in the library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a present, nor I so handsomely take any thing from him before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed for me to retire and leave my mistress with another man!

Phil. He is a gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe so—but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you. I'll call him to you. [*Exit* TOM.

Phil. What a deal of pother and sputter here is between my mistress and Mr. Myrtle! I could any hour of the day get her to her lover, and would do it—but she, forsooth, will allow no plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it; I must therefore do her an acceptable violence, and surprise her into his arms. I am sure I go by the best rule imaginable: if she were my maid, I should think her the best servant in the world for doing so by me.—

Enter MYRTLE *and* TOM.

Oh, sir! you and Mr. Bevil are fine gentlemen, to let a lady remain under such difficulties as my poor mistress, and not attempt to set her at liberty, or release her from the danger of being instantly married to Cimberton.

Myrt. Tom has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done!—when a man can't come at his mistress—why, can't you fire our house, or the next house to us, to make us run out, and you take us?

Myrt. How, Mrs. Phillis——

Phil. Ay—let me see that rogue deny to fire a house, make a riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other way to come at me.

Tom. I am obliged to you, madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every day of people's hanging themselves for love, and won't they venture the hazard of being hanged for love?—O, were I a man——

Myrt. What manly thing would you have me undertake, according to your ladyship's notion of a man?

Phil. Only be at once what one time or other you may be, and wish to be, and must be.

Myrt. Dear girl, talk plainly to me, and consider, I, in my condition, can't be in very good humour—You say, to be at once what I must be.

Phil. Ay, ay——I mean no more than to be an old man; I saw you do it very well at the masquerade. In a word, old Sir Geoffry Cimberton is every hour expected in town, to join in the deeds and settlements for marrying Mr. Cimberton——He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; though, as to his passions and desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

Tom. Come, to the business, and don't keep the gentleman in suspense for the pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Phil. I saw you at the masquerade act such a one to perfection: go, and put on that very habit, and come to our house as Sir Geoffry: there is not one there, but myself, knows his person. They think you out of town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this opportunity.—I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear Phillis!

[*Catches and kisses her, and gives her Money.*

Phil. O fie! my kisses are not my own; you have commifted violence; but I'll carry them to the right owner. [TOM *kisses her.*] Come, see me down stairs, [*To* TOM.] and leave the lover to think of his last game for the prize. [*Exeunt* TOM *and* PHILLIS.

Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild expedient——the extravagance of it will make me less suspected, and it will give me opportunity to assert my own right to Lucinda, without whom I cannot

live. But I am so mortified at this conduct of mine towards poor Bevil! he must think meanly of me.—I know not how to reassume myself, and be in spirits enough for such an adventure as this——yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near Lucinda, under her present perplexities. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

SEALAND'S *House.*

Enter PHILLIS, *with Lights before* MYRTLE, *disguised like old* SIR GEOFFRY, *supported by* MRS. SEALAND, LUCINDA, *and* CIMBERTON.

Mrs. Seal. Now I have seen you thus far, Sir Geoffry, will you excuse me a moment, while I give my necessary orders for your accommodation?

[*Exit* MRS. SEALAND.

Myrt. I have not seen you, cousin Cimberton, since you were ten years old; and as it is incumbent on you to keep up your name and family, I shall, upon very reasonable terms, join with you in a settlement to that purpose; though I must tell you, cousin, this is the first merchant that has married into our house.

Luc. Deuce on them! am I a merchant because my father is? [*Aside.*

Myrt. But is he directly a trader at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the disgrace, sir; he trades to all parts of the world.

Myrt. We never had one of our family before, who descended from persons that did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, since it is a girl that they have, I am, for the honour of my family, willing to take it in again, and to sink it into our name, and no harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generously resolved——Is this the young thing?

Cimb. Yes, sir.

Phil. Good madam, don't be out of humour, but let them run to the utmost of their extravagance——Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I see her nearer?—my eyes are but weak.

Phil. Besides, I am sure the uncle has something worth your notice. I'll take care to get off the young one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your good. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old gentleman, your great uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer——Approach, sir.

Myrt. By your leave, young lady— [*Puts on Spectacles.*] Cousin Cimberton, she has exactly that sort of neck and bosom, for which my sister Gertrude was so much admired in the year sixty-one, before the French dresses first discovered any thing in women below the chin.

Luc. Chin, quotha!——I don't believe my passionate lover there, knows whether I have one or not.—Ha! ha!

Enter PHILLIS.

Phil. [*To* CIMBERTON.] Sir, my lady desires to show the apartments to you, that she intends for Sir Geoffry.

Cimb. Well, sir, by the time you have sufficiently gazed and sunned yourself in the beauties of my spouse there, I will wait on you again.

[*Exeunt* CIMBERTON *and* PHILLIS.

Myrt. Were it not, madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of importance, though we are alone, which I would say, more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old fellow, methinks, that raises my curiosity.

Myrt. To be free, madam, I as heartily contemn this kinsman of mine as you do, and am sorry to see so much beauty and merit devoted by your parents to so insensible a possessor.

Luc. Surprising!—I hope, then, sir, you will not contribute to the wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the interest of your family.

Myrt. This hand of mine shall never be employed to sign any thing against your good and happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, sir, it is not in my power to make you proper acknowledgments, but there is a gentleman in the world whose gratitude will, I'm sure, be worthy of the favour.

Myrt. All the thanks I desire, madam, are in your power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myrt. Only, madam, that the first time you are alone with your lover, you will with open arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as heart could wish it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your promise. Oh, Lucinda!

Luc. Oh, a cheat! a cheat! a cheat!

Myrt. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your lover; Myrtle himself, madam.

Luc. Oh, bless me! what rashness and folly to surprise me so——But, hush—my mother——

Enter MRS. SEALAND *and* CIMBERTON.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the matter?

Luc. Oh, madam! as soon as you left the room, my uncle fell into a sudden fit, and—and—so I cried out for help to support him, and conduct him to his chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done. Alas, sir, how do you find yourself?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a way in my life ——Pray lead me—Oh! I was talking here—Pray carry me—to my cousin Cimberton's young lady—

Mrs. Seal. [*Aside.*] My cousin Cimberton's young lady! How zealous he is, even in his extremity, for the match! A right Cimberton.

[CIMBERTON *and* LUCINDA *lead him, as one in Pain.*

Cimb. Pox, uncle, you will pull my ear off!

Luc. Pray, uncle—you will squeeze me to death!

Mrs. Seal. No matter, no matter—he knows not what he does.—Come, sir, shall I help you out?

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble nobody but my young cousins here.

[*Exeunt.*—MYRT. *led by* CIMB. *and* LUC.

SCENE II.

Charing Cross.

Enter MR. SEALAND *and* HUMPHREY.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. Humphrey, that you agree with me, that it is for our common good I should look thoroughly into this matter.

Humph. I am indeed of that opinion; for there is

no artifice, nothing concealed in our family which ought in justice to be known. I need not desire you, sir, to treat the lady with care and respect.

Mr. Seal. Mr. Humphrey—I shall not be rude, though I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the matter at once, to see how she will bear upon a surprise——

Humph. That's the door, sir, I wish you success. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. [*Knocks.*] I'll carry this matter with an air of authority, to inquire, though I make an errand to begin discourse. [*Knocks again.*

Enter a FOOTBOY.

So, young man, is your lady within?

Foot. Alack, sir! I am but a country boy—I don't know whether she is or noa; but an' you'll stay a bit, I'll goa and ask the gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, sirrah, though you are a country boy, you can see, can't you? you know whether she is at home when you see her, don't you?

Foot. Nay, nay, I'm not such a country lad neither, master, to think she is at home because I see her: I have been in town but a month, and lost one place already for believing my own eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, sirrah! have you learned to lie already?

Foot. Ah, master, things, that are lies in the country, are not lies at London—I begin to know my business a little better than so——but an' you please to walk in, I'll call a gentlewoman to you that can tell you for certain—she can make bold to ask my lady herself.

Mr. Seal. O, then she is within, I find, though you dare not say so.

Foot. Nay, nay, that's neither here nor there; what matters whether she is within or no, if she has not a mind to see any body?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, sirrah, whether you are arch or simple; but, however, get me a direct answer, and here's a shilling for you.

Foot. Will you please to walk in? I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your business in time, child; but I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinaries in such a house.

Foot. Such a house, sir! you ha'n't seen it yet.—Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

INDIANA'S *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FOOTBOY.

Isa. So, Daniel, what news with you?

Foot. Madam, there's a gentleman below wou'd speak with my lady.

Isa. Sirrah! don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

Foot. Madam, 'tis not the gentleman that comes every day and asks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Isa. Ha! that's a particular I did not know before.—Well, be it who it will, let him come up to me. [*Exit* FOOTBOY.

Enter FOOTBOY *with* MR. SEALAND.—ISABELLA *looks amazed.*

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surprised to see a perfect stranger make a visit, and——

Isa. I am indeed surprised——I see he does not know me. [*Aside.*

DRAWN BY C. HEATH. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & Co 1806. ENGRAVED BY FIX.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodged here, madam; in troth you seem to have every thing in plenty —a thousand a year, I warrant you, upon this pretty nest of rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aside, and looking about.*

Isa. [*Apart.*] Twenty years, it seems, have less effect in the alteration of a man of thirty than of a girl of fourteen—How shall I contain my surprise and satisfaction!—He must not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any disturbance; but there is a young lady here, with whom I have a particular business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that favour.

Isa. Why, sir, have you had any notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Isa. You shall see her presently, sir; for now I am as a mother, and will trust her with you. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. As a mother! right; that's the old phrase for one of those commode ladies. But here comes the precious lady herself: in truth a very sightly woman!

Enter INDIANA.

Ind. I am told, sir, you have some affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow, and he, in the intercourse of business, sent it to me, who have cash of his, and desired me to send a servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the money myself.

Ind. Sir, was that nessessary?

Mr. Seal. No, madam; but to be free with you, the fame of your beauty, and the regard which Mr.

Bevil is a little too well known to have for you, excited my curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober appearance, sir, which my friend described, made me expect no rudeness or absurdity at least—Who's there? Sir, if you pay the money to a servant 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, madam, be not offended; I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous, design; and if you will have patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in friendship with Mr. Bevil, as to my only daughter, whom I was this day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, sir, I have mistaken you: I am composed again: be free, say on—what I am afraid to hear. [*Aside.*

Mr. Seal. I feared indeed an unwarranted passion here, but I did not think it was in abuse of so worthy an object, so accomplished a lady, as your sense and mien bespeak—but the youth of our age care not what merit and virtue they bring to shame, so they gratify——

Ind. Sir——you are going into very great errors—but as you are pleased to say you see something in me that has changed at least the colour of your suspicions, so has your appearance altered mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concerned you, to inquire into my affairs and character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly, with what an air, she talks!

Ind. Good sir, be seated—and tell me tenderly—keep all your suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way, acquaint me why the care of your daughter obliges a person of your seeming worth and fortune to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[*Weeping.*] But I beg your pardon—though I am an orphan, your

child is not, and your concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither——I'll be composed—pray go on, sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. Bevil be such a monster, to injure such a woman?

Ind. No, sir, you wrong him; he has not injured me—my support is from his bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when gluttons give high prices for delicates, they are prodigious bountiful!

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that error—but my own fears tell me all. You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is designed a husband by his good father; and he has, perhaps, consented to the overture, and he is to be, perhaps, this night a bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended such; but, madam, on your account, I am determined to defer my daughter's marriage till I am satisfied, from your own mouth, of what nature are the obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His actions, sir, his eyes, have only made me think he designed to make me the partner of his heart. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour made me misinterpret all; 'twas my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me; he never made one amorous advance to me; his large heart and bestowing hand have only helped the miserable: nor know I why, but from his mere delight in virtue, that I have been his care, the object on which to indulge and please himself with pouring favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am, methinks, afraid of entering into the matter I came about; but 'tis the same thing as if we had talked ever so distinctly—he ne'er shall have a daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him. Let not me, miserable though I may be, do injury to my benefactor: no, sir,

my treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his virtues.—If to bestow without a prospect of return, if to delight in supporting what might, perhaps, be thought an object of desire, with no other view than to be her guard against those who would not be so disinterested, if these actions, sir, can in a careful parent's eye commend him to a daughter, give yours, sir: give her to my honest, generous, Bevil!—What have I to do but sigh, and weep; to rave, run wild, a lunatic in chains, or, hid in darkness, mutter in distracted starts, and broken accents my strange, strange, story!

Mr. Seal. Take comfort, madam.

Ind. All my comfort must be to expostulate in madness, to relieve with frenzy my despair, and, shrieking, to demand of fate why, why was I born to such variety of sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least occasion——

Ind. No; 'Twas Heaven's high will I should be such—to be plundered in my cradle, tossed on the seas, and even there, an infant captive, to lose my mother, hear but of my father—to be adopted, lose my adopter, then plunged again in worse calamities!

Mr. Seal. An infant captive!

Ind. Yet then to find the most charming of mankind once more to set me free from what I thought the last distress, to load me with his services, his bounties, and his favours, to support my very life in a way that stole, at the same time, my very soul itself from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young Bevil been this worthy man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very man to take another, without leaving me the right, the pretence, of easing my fond heart with tears!—for, Oh! I can't reproach him, though the same hand, that raised me to this height, now throws me down the precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear lady! Oh, yet one moment's pa-

tience! my heart grows full with your affliction; but yet there's something in your story, that promises relief when you least hope it.

Ind. My portion here is bitterness and sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think so. Pray answer me; does Bevil know your name and family?

Ind. Alas, too well! Oh! could I be any other thing than what I am!——I'll tear away all traces of my former self, my little ornaments, the remains of my first state, the hints of what I ought to have been——

[*In her Disorder she throws away her Bracelet, which* SEALAND *takes up, and looks earnestly at it.*

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my eyes are not deceived! it is, it is the same; the very bracelet which I bequeathed my wife, at our last mournful parting.

Ind. What said you, sir? your wife! Whither does my fancy carry me? what means this new felt motion at my heart? And yet again my fortune but deludes me; for, if I err not, sir, your name is Sealand; but my lost father's name was——

Mr. Seal. Danvers, was it not?

Ind. What new amazement! that is, indeed, my family.

Mr. Seal. My child, my child!

Ind. Ah, gracious Heaven! Is it possible? Do I embrace my father?

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee? These passions are too strong for utterance.—Rise, rise, my child, and give my tears their way.—Know, then, when my misfortunes drove me to the Indies, for reasons too tedious to mention, I changed my name of Danvers into Sealand.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. If yet there wants an explanation of your wonder, behold your sister, Isabella!

Mr. Seal. My sister!

Isa. Now, dearest niece, my groundless fears, my painful cares, no more shall vex thee: if I have wronged thy noble lover with too hard suspicions, my just concern for thee, I hope, will plead my pardon.

Mr. Seal. Oh! make him then the full amends, and be yourself the messenger of joy. Tell him, the reward of all his virtues waits on his acceptance. [*Exit* ISABELLA.] My dearest Indiana!

[*Turns and embraces her.*

Ind. Have I then at last a father's sanction on my love; his bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a present worthy of Bevil's generosity?

Mr. Seal. Oh, my child, how are our sorrows past o'erpaid by such a meeting! In one day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect happiness, is ample, ample reparation! and yet again, the merit of thy lover——

Ind. O, had I spirits left to tell you of his actions; how strongly filial duty has suppressed his love, and how concealment still has doubled all his obligations, the pride, the joy of his alliance, sir, would warm your heart, as he has conquered mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is love, when born of virtue! I burn to embrace him.

Ind. See, sir, my aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your wishes.

Enter ISABELLA, *with* SIR JOHN BEVIL, BEVIL *jun.* MRS. SEALAND, CIMBERTON, MYRTLE, *and* LUCINDA.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entering.*] Where, where's this scene of wonder!—Mr. Sealand, I congratulate, on this

occasion, our mutual happiness—Your good sister, sir, has, with the story of your daughter's fortune, filled us with surprise and joy. Now all exceptions are removed; my son has now avowed his love, and turned all former jealousies and doubts to approbation, and I am told your goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, sir, a fortune equal to his father's hopes can make this object worthy his acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your mention, sir, of fortune with pleasure, only as it may prove the means to reconcile the best of fathers to my love; let him be provident, but let me be happy.—My ever destined, my acknowledged wife! [*Embracing* INDIANA.

Ind. Wife!—Oh! my ever loved, my lord, my master!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myself, as well as you, that I have a son, who could, under such disadvantages, discover your great merit.

Mr. Seal. Oh, Sir John, how vain, how weak is human prudence! what care, what foresight, what imagination could contrive such bless'd events to make our children happy, as Providence in one short hour has laid before us?

Cimb. [*To* MRS. SEALAND.] I am afraid, madam, Mr. Sealand is a little too busy for our affair; if you please we'll take another opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have patience, sir.

Cimb. But we make Sir Geoffry wait, madam.

Myrt. O, sir, I'm not in haste.

[*During this,* BEVIL *jun. presents* LUCINDA *to* INDIANA.

Mr. Seal. But here, here's our general benefactor. Excellent young man! that could be at once a lover to her beauty, and a parent to her virtue!

Bev. jun. If you think that an obligation, sir, give me leave to overpay myself in the only instance that

can now add to my felicity, by begging you to bestow this lady on Mr. Myrtle.

Mr. Seal. She is his without reserve; I beg he may be sent for.——Mr. Cimberton, notwithstanding you never had my consent, yet there is, since I saw you, another objection to your marriage with my daughter.

Cimb. I hope, sir, your lady has concealed nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, sir, nothing but what was concealed from myself; another daughter, who has an undoubted title to half my estate.

Cimb. How, Mr. Sealand! why then, if half Mrs. Lucinda's fortune is gone, you can't say that any of my estate is settled upon her; I was in treaty for the whole: but if that's not to be come at, to be sure there can be no bargain.—Sir—I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good lady, my cousin, and beg pardon for the trouble I have given this old gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. Cimberton, with all my heart. [*Discovers himself.*

All. Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. And I beg pardon of the whole company, that I assumed the person of Sir Geoffry, only to be present at the danger of this lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost exigence to assert my right to her, which, if her parents will ratify, as they once favoured my pretensions, no abatement of fortune shall lessen her value to me.

Luc. Generous man!

Mr. Seal. If, sir, you can overlook the injury of being in treaty with one who as meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your right in her, she is yours.

Mrs. Seal. Well, however, I'm glad the girl's disposed of any way. [*Aside.*

Bev. jun. Myrtle, no longer rivals now, but brothers.

Myrt. Dear Bevil! you are born to triumph over me; but now our competition ceases: I rejoice in the preeminence of your virtue, and your alliance adds charms to Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have set the world a fair example; your happiness is owing to your constancy and merit, and the several difficulties you have struggled with evidently show,

Whate'er the generous mind itself denies,
The secret care of Providence supplies. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

THE

REVENGE;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

SAVAGE AND EASINGWOOD,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

REMARKS.

It is certain, that Dr. Young was no enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare's "Othello"—To suppose he was, is to accuse him of high presumption in hoping to write a still better play. For that he could take the same subject, which an admired author had used with infinite success, and not hope to transcend him, agrees but ill with the ambition of any dramatist; much less with that of the aspiring Young.

"The Revenge" is so excellent a production, that the reader will forgive the author's attempt, and compassionate his failure. In one of his characters, indeed, he has surpassed the genius of Shakspeare—but immorally so—he has adorned malice and its kindred vices, with a sentiment appropriate to the rarest virtue—scrupulous regard for unblemished honour.

The high-sounding vengeance of Zanga charms every heart, whilst the malicious purposes of Iago fill every bosom with abhorrence.

Another advantage is given to Zanga in his guilt—the persons, whom he involves in utter ruin, claim far less sympathy than Shakspeare's Othello and Desdemona. Alonzo can excite no interest equal to the first, and Leonora sinks even beneath comparin before the last.

Dr. Johnson has said, that the inferior characters in the tragedy of "Othello" would make a very good play, were the three superior ones wholly omitted: and certainly Cassio, Roderigo, and Amelia are all excellent parts. But, should this method be pursued with the tragedy of "The Revenge," when the best were left out, what could be done with the remaining few? Isabella, in particular, is a tool of such insignificance in herself, that, till her importance as an instrument is testified, it seems degrading to the proud mind and acute understanding of the imperious Moor, to trust his perilous design to a woman's secrecy who gives no one proof to the audience of possessing selfrestraint peculiar from the rest of her sex, and powerful enough to keep silence.

Deservedly high as this tragedy must ever rank among English dramas, it is but seldom brought upon the stage, and then the actor who performs Zanga must be its sole support.—This character is of such magnitude, and so unprotected by those which surround him, that few performers will undertake to represent it: a less number still have succeeded in braving the danger. Mr. Kemble stands foremost among those, and draws some splendid audiences every year, merely to see *him;* though the intervals between his exits and entrances are sure to be passed in lassitude.

Dr. Young has the praise of being an original poet, but this work cannot be brought as a proof; for besides its resemblance to the "Othello" of Shakspeare, it is alleged he had also in his view the Abdelazer of

Mrs. Behn, upon which character Zanga is a grand improvement.

The originality of Young must be found in his "Night Thoughts." Those well known poems, that speak contemptuously of a world, which, if his most distinguished biographers can be relied upon, he loved as dearly as the gayest libertine.

It is a reflection more gloomy than the author's gloomiest composition, that Young was a man the very reverse of him, whom the reader of his "Night Thoughts" would suppose the writer to be.

Dr. Edward Young was the son of the Dean of Sarum, and born at Upham, near Winchester, in June 1681. He received his first education in that college; and at Oxford, took the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

On quitting the university where he had given testimony of his poetic talents, Young was admitted into the family of Lord Exeter, and became the tutor of Lord Burleigh, with whom he was to travel, and receive as his recompense an annuity for life. But the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton, who at that time rioted in all the vices and follies of London, allured him by his friendship to yield up this honourable engagement, and be a partner with him in all his excesses.

This eminent poet can easier be forgiven his youthful attachment to the pleasures of the world, than his aged anxiety after its honours. When the Duke's protection ceased with his exile and death, Young took orders, as the only means of subsistence; and be-

came grave and political, as the only means of preferment. He preached excellent sermons on the duty of a christian, and wrote as excellent pamphlets to traduce his neighbour the Duke of Marlborough, when that neighbour was out of favour with the court.

He was fervent in public worship, both at church, and in the dedications he sent forth with his various works; wherein, he has praised man as he praised God: which gives rise to the suspicion, that he expected as valuable favours from the created, as from the Creator.

Dr. Young was married in 1732 to Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and the widow of Colonel Lee. About the year 1740, Lady Elizabeth died; and very shortly after, both a daughter she had by her first marriage, and that daughter's husband, (a son of Lord Palmerston) departed this life.—Melancholy events, which Young has lamented in strains of pious sorrow in his favourite work.

Notwithstanding his afflictions he survived these losses five and twenty years: then expired at the age of eighty-four, enjoying his perfect senses to the last moment—and to the last moment he refused to see his only child, a son, who for some youthful offence had been banished his house; and yet that repentant child sent earnest supplications for pardon, and admission to his father's presence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
DON ALONZO	*Mr. C. Kemble.*	*Mr. Barrymore.*
DON CARLOS	*Mr. Brunton.*	*Mr. Bartley.*
DON ALVAREZ	*Mr. Murray.*	*Mr. Powell.*
DON MANUEL	*Mr. Creswell.*	*Mr. Maddocks.*
ZANGA	*Mr. Kemble.*	*Master Betty.*
LEONORA	*Mrs. Litchfield.*	*Mrs. Powell.*
ISABELLA	*Mrs. Humphries.*	*Miss Boyce.*

SCENE—Spain.

THE

REVENGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Battlements, with a Sea Prospect.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Whether first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me: [*Thunder.*
I like this rocking of the battlements.

Enter ISABELLA.

Rage on, ye winds, burst, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.
Who's there? My love!
Isa. Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.
[*Thunder.*
Zan. The dead alone in such a night can rest,
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away. I chuse to be alone.
Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;

Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.
[*Thunder.*
Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it; by our loves I will.
To you I sacrific'd my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress.

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be plung'd
In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!
I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I with pious rage pursu'd revenge.
I then was young, he plac'd me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day, (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek——I did not stab him,
For that were poor revenge——E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story;
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.

Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore, in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd an express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,
O, Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and inquire my fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter DON CARLOS *and* DON MANUEL.

Man. My Lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?
Car. Alonzo's glory, and the Moor's defeat.
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!
I lov'd fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love.
Man. And what success?
Car. Alas, the cruel maid———
Indeed her father, who, though high at court,
And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart
To heal his devastation from the Moors,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the east,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.
Man. Her aged father, see,
Leads her this way.
Car. She looks like radiant truth,
Brought forward by the hand of hoary time——
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible
Some vessel is arriv'd. [*Exit* MAN.] Heav'n grant it bring
Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

Enter DON ALVAREZ *and* LEONORA.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.
Car. Angels second you!
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.
Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice;
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
His keels are freighted with that sacred power,
By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope
[*To* CARLOS.
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [*Exit.*
Car. Oh, Leonora! why art thou in tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eyes serene.
Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint.
Car. Ah, my torn heart!
Leon. Regard not me, my lord,
I shall obey my father.
Car. Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
With absent eyes and alienated mien,
Suff'ring address, the victim of my love.
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty.
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of,
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
All these possess'd, are nought, but as they are

The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leon. I pray, my lord, no more.

Car. Must I despair then? Do not shake me thus:
Heav'ns! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
The promis'd fight, I left Alonzo too,
To stand the war, and quell a world alone.

[*Drums and Trumpets.*

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

Car. And must you go?

Leon. Why should you wish me stay?
Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
My presence none; it pains you and myself;
For both our sakes permit me to withdraw. [*Exit.*

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter DON ALONZO, *with* ATTENDANTS.

Car. Alonzo!

Alon. Carlos!——I am whole again;
Clasp'd in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror Of Afric.

Alon. Yes, much more—Don Carlos' friend.
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
I rise in virtues to come nearer to thee.
'Twas Carlos conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown till then,
And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair Leonora. How I love her!
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another soul for thee.

Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
Like music, pure the joy, without allay,
Whose very rapture is tranquillity:
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port
On business both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.
Car. In private!—Ha!—Alonzo, I'll return;
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*
Zan. My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.
Alon. Will the fair Leonora pass this way?
Zan. She will, my lord, and soon.
Alon. Come near me, Zanga;
For I dare open all my heart to thee.
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
But is a god to me: I am most wretched.——
In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love;
What did I do?——I lov'd myself. Indeed,
One thing there is might lessen my offence,
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.
Zan. Thanks to Zanga,
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd.
[*Aside.*
Alon. Yes, curs'd of Heav'n! I lov'd, myself; and now,
In a late action, rescu'd from the Moors,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.
Alon. It did—with more than the expense of mine;
For, O, this day is mention'd for their nuptials.
Zan. My lord, she comes.
Alon. I'll take my leave and die. [*Exit.*
Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would please me.
Unhappy fate! My country overcome!
My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd!——
Would nature were—I will not fall alone:
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Enter LEONORA *and* ALONZO.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid his light adieu. [*Weeps.*
Leon. The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.
Alon. O, cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?
Afric I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a world, and you are—Leonora.
Leon. That passion which you boast of is your guilt,
A treason to your friend.
Alon. O, Leonora!
What could I do?—In duty to my friend,
I saw you: and to see is to admire.
For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely.
You know I did. I sought but your esteem;
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.
Leon. If from your guilt none suffer'd but yourself,
It might be so——Farewell. [*Going.*

Alon. Who suffers with me? [*Takes her Hand.*
Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.
[*Weeps.*
Alon. What mean these tears?
Leon. I weep by chance; nor have my tears a meaning.
But, O, when first I saw Alonzo's tears,
I knew their meaning well!
Alon. Heavens! what is this? That excellence, for which
Desire was planted in the heart of man;
Virtue's supreme reward on this side Heav'n;
The cordial of my soul—and this destroys me——
Indeed, I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.
Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long; let that be some excuse.
You well may wonder at such words as these;
I start at them myself, they fright my nature.
Great is my fault; but blame not me alone;
Give him a little blame, who took such pains
To make me guilty.
Alon. Blame you! you know I think your love a blessing
Beyond all human blessings! 'tis the price
Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying.
But, O, the curse of curses!——O, my friend!——
Leon. Alas!
Alon. What says my love? Speak, Leonora.
Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick
In finding out objections to our love?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?
Alon. Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?
Leon. Indeed my father once had thought that way;
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,

Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O, agony!
Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?

Leon. What, do you tremble lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

Alon. What's in my pow'r? O, yes, to stab my friend!

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous indeed:
Spare him—and murder me.

Alon. First perish all!
No Leonora, I am thine for ever;
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.
For whatsoever crime I can commit,
I've felt the pains already.

Leon. Hold, Alonzo,
And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.
I love thy virtue as I love thy person,
And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;
But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll shine out in my turn, and show the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.
Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?
No, tho' the life-blood gushes from my heart,
You shall not be asham'd of Leonora;
Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example
You lately lent; O, take it while you may,
While I can give it you, and be immortal! [*Exit.*

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;
But pine in absence, and till death adore.

When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue
Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter DON MANUEL *and* ZANGA.

Zan. If this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but humane in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal news?
Man. This hour.
Zan. What, not a vessel sav'd? And is Alvarez
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?
That treasure was on shore; must that too join
The common wreck?
Man. Alvarez pleads, indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match;
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.
Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it?
Man. Like a man,
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human heart can reason.
Zan. But is he then in absolute despair?

Man. Never to see his Leonora more.
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.
Zan. Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstacy
By Don Alonzo?
Man. Yes, at first; but soon
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.
Zan. Not if his friend consented: and since now
He can't himself espouse her——
Man. Yet, to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind;
At least, Alonzo's spirit startles at it.
But I must leave you. Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction. [*Exit.*
Zan. Ha, it dawns!——
It rises to me, like a new-found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all theirs viands spent;
Hoa, Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

I thought of dying? better things come forward;
Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabella, arriv'd Don Carlos here?
Isa. Two nights ago.
Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle——Memory, set down that;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
Tho' yet but in the shell——I'll give it birth——
What time did he return;
Isa. At midnight.
Zan. So——
Say, did he see that night his Leonora?
Isa. No, my good lord.
Zan. No matter——

Go and fetch my tablets hither. [*Exit* ISABELLA.
Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me;
He smil'd a joy then little understood——
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

Enter ISABELLA *with the Tablets*; ZANGA *writes; then reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands——
The father's fix'd——Don Carlos cannot wed——
Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——
Nor can he ask his leave——or, if he did,
He might not gain it——It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.
Were it not then a masterpiece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant, then, from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
(And other motives) to work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace!——
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of human woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the hydra of calamities,
The sevenfold death; the jealous are the damn'd.
Isa. Alonzo comes this way.
Zan. Most opportunely,
Withdraw—Ye subtle demons, which reside
[*Exit* ISABELLA.
In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
That little engin'ry, more mischievous
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

Enter Don Alonzo.

My lord, I give you joy.
Alon. Of what, good Zanga?
Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours?
Alon. What will become of Carlos?
Zan. He's your friend;
And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.
Alon. Alas, thou little know'st the force of love!
Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway;
Puts all relations, friendship's self, to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos;
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials. For myself
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.
Zan. You will not wed her then?
Alon. Not instantly.
Insult his broken heart the very moment!
Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuag'd.
Alon. Am I to blame in that?
Zan. My lord, I love
Your very errors; they are born from virtue.
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart?) does lead you blindfold to your ruin.
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?
'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth. To-
morrow
May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune;
A higher bidder is a better friend,
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.
When your friend's gone you'll wed; why, when the
cause
Which gives you Leonora now will cease.
Carlos has lost her; should you lose her too,
Why, then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him——

'Tis well he is disturb'd; it makes him pause.
[*Aside.*

Alon. Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don Carlos,
His goodness would consent, that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your friend.
Who was it gave him liberty and life?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.
Were I a stranger I could freely speak:
In me it so resembles a demand,
Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is Leonora worth one pang or not?
Warmly as you I wish Don Carlos well;
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend:
There all the difference lies between us two.
In me, my lord, you hear another self;
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those errors, which, though caus'd by virtue,
Are such as may hereafter give you pain——
Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name! What, sacrifice the fair
To age and ugliness, because set in gold?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.
I have not seen him since his sore affliction;
But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear.
How shall I bear it now? I'm struck already.
[*Exit.*

Zan. Half of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speak with him.
[*He gives a Message to* MANUEL.
Proud hated Spain, oft drench'd in moorish blood!
Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?
Shake not the towers where'er I pass along,

Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer?
Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear.
Look down, O, holy prophet, see me torture
This christian dog, this infidel, which dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law;
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below?
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms!
But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter Don Carlos.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy but the very fool,
Or very wise; and I wasn't fool enough
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their consciences? And this we know,
Yet knowing, disbelieve, and try again
What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction.
Each new experience gives the former credit;
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
That thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble lord,
I mourn your fate: but are no hopes surviving?

Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel;
'Tis fix'd—'tis past—'tis absolute despair!

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made tender,
By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I understand you well. Alonzo loves;
I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do:
Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What canst thou mean?
Zan. Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favour
A stranger from a stranger might request;
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him:
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.
Car. I pray, be plain; his happiness is mine.
Zan. He loves to death; but so reveres his friend,
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
I wrung a promise from him he would try:
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.
Car. Ha! if he weds I am undone indeed;
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.
Zan. Alas, my lord, you know his heart is steel;
'Tis fix'd, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.
Car. O, cruel Heaven! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see her more:
Ask my consent!—Must I then give her to him?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?
Oh!——Leonora! never, never, never!
Zan. A storm of plagues upon him! he refuses.
[*Aside.*
Car. What, wed her?—and to-day!
Zan. To-day, or never.
To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you:
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.
Car. O, torment! whither shall I turn?
Zan. To peace.
Car. Which is the way?

Zan. His happiness is yours——
I dare not disbelieve you.
Car. Kill my friend!
Or worse——Alas! and can there be a worse?
A worse there is; nor can my nature bear it.
Zan. You have convinc'd me 'tis a dreadful task.
I find Alonzo's quitting her this morning
For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,
Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is.
Car. Thou dost upbraid me.
Zan. No, my good lord, but since you can't comply,
'Tis my misfortune, that I mention'd it;
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed
Have dy'd, as now, but not by your decree.
Car. By my decree! do I decree his death?
I do——shall I then lead her to his arms?
O, which side shall I take? Be stabb'd, or—stab?
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies!
Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,
Tho' but a day; something, perchance, may happen
To soften all to friendship and to love.
Go, stop my friend, let me not see him now;
But save us from an interview of death.
Zan. My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you—
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Car. What is this world?—Thy school, O, misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
And he, who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely——should I live——
Live long——Alas, there is no length in time!

Nor in thy time, O, man!—What's fourscore years?
Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?
Yet Leonora——she can make time long,
Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.
While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surpris'd to hear, that I grew old.
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And every moment is an age of pain.

Enter ZANGA *and* DON ALONZO.— ZANGA *stops* DON CARLOS.

Zan. Is this Don Carlos? this the boasted friend?
How can you turn you back upon his sadness?
Look on him, and then leave him if you can,
Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:
This moment he could wed without your leave.
Car. I cannot yield; nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his Hand.*
Alon. O, Carlos!
Car. Pray forbear.
Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?
Alonzo, who, perhaps, in some degree
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?
I was deputed guardian of thy love;
But, O, I lov'd myself! Pour down afflictions
On this devoted head; make me your mark;
And be the world by my example taught,
How sacred it should hold the name of friend.
Car. You charge yourself unjustly;
The crime was mine,
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail.
Alon. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,
And soften all; but think not you deceive me;
I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,

As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him, who but this morning threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd
In ceaseless tears, and blushing for her love!
Yes 'twas in thee, thro' fondness for thy friend,
To shut thy bosom against ecstacies;
For which, while this pulse beats it beats to thee;
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,
And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. [*To* ALONZO.] My lord, my lord, this is your time to speak.

Alon. [*To* ZANGA.] Because he's kind? It therefore is the worst;
Do I not see him quite possess'd with anguish,
And shall I pour in new? No fond desire,
No love; one pang at parting, and farewell.
I have no other love but Carlos now.

Car. Alas! my friend, why with such eager grasp
Dost press my hand?

Alon. If after death, our forms
Shall be transparent, naked every thought,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,
Thou'lt know one day, that thou wast held most dear.
Farewell.

Car. Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak— [*Holds him.*
Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone?
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [*Aside.*
I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me there.
How dreadful is it to a generous mind
To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he towers above me. [*Aside.*
Then you confess you would ask something of me?
Alon. No, on my soul.
Zan. [*To* ALONZO.] Then lose her.
Car. Glorious spirit!
Why, what a pang has he run through for this!
By Heaven, I envy him his agonies.
Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
Of starting at one action from below,
And flaming up into consummate greatness?
Ha! angels strengthen me!—It shall be so——
My Alonzo!
Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.
Alon. What means my Carlos?
Car. Pray, observe me well.
Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too, for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?
I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness!
But, O my soul, with care provide for hers!
In life, how weak, how helpless is woman!
Soon hurt; in happiness itself unsafe;
So properly the object of affliction,
That Heaven is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine,
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life
With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me,
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.
Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee ador'd.
And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.
Alon. Carlos!
But think not words were ever made
For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief
In absence, from the pain of so much goodness,
There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee.
[*Exit.*
Zan. Thus far success has crown'd my boldest hope.
My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,
And then my master-works begin to play. [*Aside.*
Why, this was greatly done, without one sigh
[*To* CARLOS.
To carry such a glory to its period.
Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now
I must unsluice my overburden'd heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
With tears; nor interrupt my great design;
Great sure as ever human breast durst think of.
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'erswell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ZANGA *and* ISABELLA.

Zan. O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart.
My Isabella!
Isa. What commands my Moor?
Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation)
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora
The most profound acknowledgment of heart,
For wond'rous transports, which he never knew.
This is a good subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.
Isa. I quickly dropp'd it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand;
For soon Alonzo found it; I observ'd him
From out my secret stand. He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
Started, and trembling dropp'd it on the ground.
Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
At least not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so;
But farther thought informs me otherwise,
And turns this disappointment to account.
He more shall credit it, because unseen,
(If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isa. That would indeed commend my Zanga's skill.

Zan. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture;
Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,
It may rise up a witness of her love;
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires,
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Exit.*

Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?——
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye.
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him?

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. And yet it cannot be——I am deceiv'd——
I injure her: she wears the face of Heaven.

Zan. He doubts. [*Aside.*

Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all in pieces.
It cannot——Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Starts.*
Zan. Hold there, and we succeed.—He has descry'd me.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure. [*Aside.*
Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.
Zan. My lord!
Alon. Shut close the doors,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.
Zan. My lord's obey'd.
Alon. I see, that thou art frighted.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions' stings.
Zan. If I do love, my lord?
Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)
For I am sick at heart.
Zan. Speak, sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.
Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curst!——My Leonora's false!
Zan. Save me, my lord!
Alon. My Leonora's false! [*Gives him the Letter.*
Zan. Then Heaven has lost its image here on earth.
[*While* ZANGA *reads the Letter, he trembles, and shows the utmost Concern.*
Alon. Goodnatur'd man! he makes my pains his own.
I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.
Zan. Did you not read it then?

Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

Zan. Thus perish all, that gives Alonzo pain!
[*Tears the Letter.*

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more.
'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?
Or give the whole contents, or, by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in suppressing it,
But what goodnatur'd tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two. Not mine the fame
That will be damn'd, though all the world should know it.

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

Zan. What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?
I know not what——but grant I did confess,
What is a letter? letters may be forg'd.
For Heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.
Some foe to your repose——

Alon. So, Heaven look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed! [*Aside.*]——Our innocence is not our shield:
They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain
A letter may be forg'd, and in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that might be false——

Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;
All's well again.
Alon. O that it were!
Zan. It is;
For who would credit that, which credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood;
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain?
Alon. O, Zanga! it is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance——
Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.
What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance!——You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense;——
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd
With some degree of pain.
Alon. What indiscretion?
Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court,
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forg'd the senseless scroll, which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villainy.
Alon. I sent him not.
Zan. Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king.
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly;
So long in absence, and impatient love——
Alon. In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me.
'Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,

And is enamour'd of the face of death.
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports!——Oh, it must be so!——
Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend!

Zan. You wrong him;
He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha!——

Zan. That stings home. [*Aside.*

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous love——
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
Th'eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgment on distinguish'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture, love was first my crime;
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O, horror!)
Confided all in me. O, sacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!

Zan. Were then their loves far gone?

Alon. The father's will
There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd, that the very sun, which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord; then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime.
Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd
For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night.

Alon. One night!

Zan. That crime could né'er return again.

Alon. Again! By Heaven, thou dost insult thy lord.

Temptation! One night gain'd! O stings and death!
And am I then undone? Alas, my Zanga!
And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,
And rescue me one moment from distraction.
Zan. My lord, I hope the best.
Alon. False, foolish hope,
And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;
It is as glaring as the noontide sun.
Devil!—This morning, after three years coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me!
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.
Zan. What says my lord? Did Leonora then
Never before disclose her passion for you?
Alon. Never.
Zan. Throughout the whole three years?
Alon. O never! never!
Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive? 'Tis all in vain:
Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.
Zan. Hold, sir, I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry fear,
And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance.
Alon. Ha! Resign her to me!——
Resign her!—Who resign'd her?—Double death!
How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke.
First love her to distraction! then resign her!
Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?
Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's enough.
Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart?——She was his heart no more—
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her;
By Heav'n, he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?
I fear the letter was not all a tale.
Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.
Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.
Alon. And so should I; by Heaven, I think I should.
What! Leonora, the divine, by whom
We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion!
Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it;
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh
Each circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.
Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis doomsday with me.
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heaven
Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,
To gain her lovers with the sons of men.
O, Leonora! Leonora! [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.
Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.
Zan. There,
There, Isabella, I outdid myself.
For, tearing it, I not secure it only
In its first force; but superadd a new.
For after tearing it, as loth to show

The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,
Nay, more, would disbelieve the more I swore.
But is the picture happily dispos'd of?

Isa. It is.

Zan. That's well! [*Exit* ISABELLA.] Ah! what is well? O pang to think!
O dire necessity! is this my province?
Whither, my soul! ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere? Erewhile, far, far above
Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,
The trash of villainy itself, which falls
To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread.
Does this become a soldier? This become,
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end; and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain;
To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature, to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise;
For wonder is involuntary praise. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DON ALONZO *and* ZANGA.

Alon. Oh, what a pain to think! when every thought,
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,
In which herself is taken!
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.
Zan. O, forbear!
You totter on the very brink of ruin.
Alon. What dost thou mean?
Zan. That will discover all,
And kill my hopes. What can I think or do?
[*Aside.*
Alon. What dost thou murmur?
Zan. Force the secret from her?
What's perjury to such a crime as this?
Will she confess it then? O, groundless hope!
But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more, I care not;
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.
Zan. But for what better will you change this load?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?
Alon. No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs:
By hatred and contempt I should despise her,
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.
Zan. Ah! were I sure of that, my lord——
Alon. What then?
Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the secret.
Alon. What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on the rack,
I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.
Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it,
Tho' gone too far, Heaven knows—'Tis I am guilty—
I have ta'en pains, as you, I know, observ'd,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.
Alon. Thou dost confound me.
Zan. I confound myself,
And frankly own it, tho' to my shame I own it:
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.
Alon. Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.
Zan. Not yet, dread sir:
First, I must be convinc'd, that, if you find
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.
Alon. O 'twill, by Heaven.
Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.
Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?
Alon. A god.
Zan. Such have you been to me, these tears confess it.
And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:
And what amends is now within my power,
But to confess, expose myself to justice,
And as a blessing claim my punishment.
Know then, Don Carlos——
Alon. Oh!
Zan. You cannot bear it.
Alon. Go on, I'll have it, though it blast mankind;
I'll have it all, and instantly, Go on.
Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

Enter LEONORA.

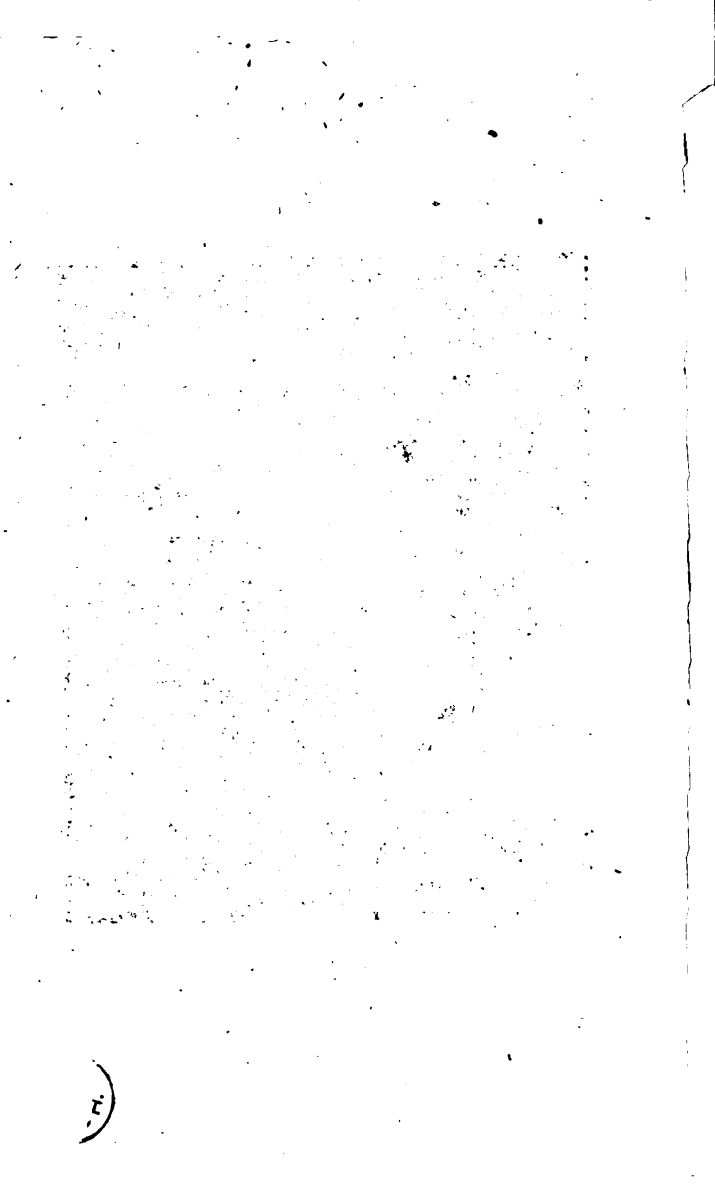
Leon. My Lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our joy.
Alon. I'll come, my love:
Be not our friends deserted by us both;
I'll follow you this moment.
Leon. My good lord,
I do observe severity of thought
Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the moors?
Alon. No, my delight.
Leon. What then employ'd your mind?
Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so Heaven befriend me,
As other thought can find no entrance here.
Leon. How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares
Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
To drop one thought on me!
[*He shows the utmost Impatience.*
Alon. Know then, to thy comfort,
Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full
With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;

ZANGA.—GROAN ON, AND WITH THE SOUND
REFRESH MY SOUL.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Nor shall, I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible], the [illegible] [illegible]
Leon. Lopez.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Don Carlos did [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Zan. Don Carlos [illegible]
[illegible] night, by [illegible] [illegible]
Come [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
He tells [illegible] [illegible] hours [illegible] the [illegible]
De[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. He [illegible]
Zan. M[illegible]
[illegible] may, [illegible] [illegible]—I [illegible] [illegible]ted [illegible]
After so long a [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] could expect [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
No farther [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] to my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Our [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
A[illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
A[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
A[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
En[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
A[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
When shall [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Don Carlos [illegible]
Lea[illegible] [illegible] forth,
A[illegible] Oh [illegible], my heart! [*[illegible] [illegible]*
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]!
Ti[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] back, roll in angu[illegible]

My [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] my soul!



Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.
My life, our friends expect thee.
Leon. I obey. [*Exit.*
Alon. Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy?
If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
And beauty shall no more belong to Heaven——
Don Carlos did return at dead of night——
Proceed, good Zanga, so thy tale began.
Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night;
That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace gate.
He told me he had letters for the King,
Despatch'd from you.
Alon. The villain ly'd!
Zan. My lord,
I pray, forbear——Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
No farther I inquir'd, but let him pass,
False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.
Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,
As is my custom when the night's serene,
And took a moonlight walk: when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me.
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man
Arose, and falling back some paces from her,
Gaz'd ardently awhile, then rush'd at once,
And throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sigh'd! "O, night of ecstacy!
When shall we meet again?"—Don Carlos then
Led Leonora forth.
Alon. Oh! O, my heart! [*He sinks into a Chair.*
Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul!
'Tis thro' his brain, his eyeballs roll in anguish.
[*Aside.*
My lord, my lord, why will you rack my soul?

Speak to me, let me know, that you still live.
I'm your own Zanga,
So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.——
Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the moors,
Why should the vanquish'd triumph?
Alon. Oh, she was all!——
My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
All stoop'd to her, my blood was her possession.
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.
To think on't is the torment of the damn'd;
And not to think on't is impossible.
How fair the cheek, that first alarm'd my soul!
How bright the eye, that set it in a flame!
How soft the breast, on which I laid my peace
For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!
How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!
How deep, how black, the horror and despair!
Zan. You said you'd bear it like a man.
Alon. I do.
Am I not almost distracted?
Zan. Pray, be calm.
Alon. As hurricanes:—be thou assur'd of that.
Zan. Is this the wise Alonzo?
Alon. Villain, no!
He dy'd in the arbour—he was murder'd there!
I am his demon though——My wife!—my wife!—
Zan. He weeps,—he weeps. [*Aside.*
Alon. O, villain, villain, most accurs'd!
If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?
Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.
I knew it not:—I saw them in the garden;
But saw no more than you might well expect
To see in lovers destin'd for each other.
Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,
'Till after-proofs conspir'd to blacken it?
Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,

(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)
'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;
And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
In duty, and compassion to your peace.
Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter—for I want thee.
" O, night of ecstacy!"——Ha! was't not so?
I will enjoy this murder.—Let me think——
The jasmine bower—'tis secret and remote:
Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.
[*Exit* ZANGA.
How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!
" When shall we meet again?"——To-night, in hell.

Enter LEONORA.

Ha! I'm surprised! I stagger at her charms!
Leon. My lord, excuse me; see, a second time
I come in embassy from all your friends,
Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.
Alon. This moment, Leonora, I was coming
To thee, and all——but sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy. Oh!
Leon. Why sighs my lord?
Alon. I sigh'd not, Leonora.
Leon. I thought you did; your sighs are mine, my lord,
And I shall feel them all.
Alon. Dost flatter me?
Leon. If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment
In this day's solemn rite.
Alon. What rite?
Leon. You sport me.
Alon. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.
Leon. And so is mine——I look on cheerfulness,
As on the health of virtue.
Alon. Virtue!——Damn——
Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.
Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as yours;—
If fair and innocent, I am your due.
Alon. Innocent! [*Aside.*
Leon. How—My lord I interrupt you.
Alon. No, my best life, I must not part with thee;
This hand is mine——O, what a hand is here!
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!
Leon. In tears, my lord?
Alon. What less can speak my joy!
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes:
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl destruction——
Leon. My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?
Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
That heart which I have purchas'd with my own?
Lay it before me then; it is my due.
Unkind Alonzo! though I might demand it,
Behold I kneel! See, Leonora kneels!
The bride foregoes the homage of her day,
And deigns to be a beggar for her own!
[*Takes his Hand.*
Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,
And load you with my death. My lord—my lord!
Alon. Ha! ha! ha!
[*He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the Floor.*
Leon. Are these the joys, which fondly I conceiv'd?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?

What did I part with, when I gave my heart ?
The maid, that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety. [*Rises.*
Where shall I sigh?—where pour out my complaints ?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber ;
I soon will follow ; that, which now disturbs thee,
Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.
[*Exit* LEON.
O how like innocence she looks !—What, stab her !
And rush into her blood !——I never can !
Mine is the guilt—mine—to supplant my friend.—
How then? Why thus——no more ; it is determin'd.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.
Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting our human nature, and effect it ? [*Aside.*

Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end.
What then is man ? the smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month month, and year the year,
Our life is but a chain of many deaths;
Can then death's self be fear'd ? our life much rather.
Life is the desert, life the solitude,
Death joins us to the great majority :
'Tis to be borne to Plato's, and to Cæsars ;
'Tis to be great for ever ;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give you joy, then Leonora's dead.

Alon. No Zanga, the greatest guilt is mine,
Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her;
Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love ;

These, and a thousand tokens more ; and yet,
For which the saints absolve my soul, did wed.
Zan. Whither tends this ?
Alon. To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious ;
But just resentment to myself, bears in it
A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.
He, who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does in some sort that reason deify,
And take a flight at heaven.
Zan. Alas, my lord,
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.
You cannot close an eye, that is so bright,
You cannot strike a breast, that is so soft,
That has ten thousand ecstacies in store
For Carlos ?——No, my lord, I mean for you.
Alon. O, through my heart and marrow ! Pr'ythee spare me :
Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.
I own, I try'd, I quarell'd with my heart,
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death ;
But, oh, her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.
Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
Men are but men ; we did not make ourselves.
Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die,
Oh, that I were to share your monument,
And in eternal darkness close these eyes,
Against those scenes, which I am doom'd to suffer !
Alon. What dost thou mean ?
Zan. And is it then unknown ?
Oh, grief of heart, to think that you should ask it !
Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust——
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,

Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.
Alon. Distraction !——But Don Carlos, well thou know'st,
Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.
Zan. Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
How will he rush like lightning to her arms !
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul ;
But not in grief——sad obsequies to thee !——
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstacy,
Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another :
Thank Heaven, these torments will be all my own.
Alon. I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die,
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.
'Tis my command. [*Gives his Signet.*
Zan. I dare not disobey.
Alon. My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.
Zan. Ah, sir ! think, think again. Are all men buried
In Carlos' grave ? You know not womankind.
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modest zone, with which it first was ty'd,
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.
Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the former ;
Another, and another, and another ! '
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.
I am convinc'd ; I must not, will not die.
Zan. You cannot die ; nor can you murder her.
What then remains ? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.
Alon. Oh !
Zan. If you forget, the world will call you wise ;
If you forgive, the world will call you good :

If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you, very, very kind.
Alon. Zanga, I understand thee, well. She dies;
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.
Zan. That's truly great. What think you, 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right, in stern despite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd?
At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another slew a sister in just rage;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.
Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name!
Yet there is one step left above them all,
Above their history, above their fable,
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd——do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.
Alon. 'Tis done!——Again new transports fire my brain:
I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.
Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together;
See, that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And music gives the elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlasting night,
Call Vengeance, call the furies, call Despair,
And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there;
He with pale hand shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round her nuptial bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. O pitiful ! O terrible to sight !
Poor mangled shade ! all cover'd o'er with wounds ;
And so disguis'd with blood !——Who murder'd thee ?
Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.
Ha ! Carlos ?—Horror ! Carlos !—oh, away !
Go to thy grave, or let me sink to mine ;
I cannot bear the sight—What sight ?——Where am I ?
There's nothing here—

Enter ZANGA.

Is Carlos murder'd ?
Zan. I obey'd your order.
Six ruffians overtook him on the road ;
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew.
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.
His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd
His bones might rest near yours.
Alon. O Zanga, Zanga !
But I'll not think :

It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
Where's Leonora then? Quick, answer me:
I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood you were wont,
On any great surprise, but chiefly then,
When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of reason;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er,
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest artifice I us'd,
That she, at length, was fully satisfied.
But what design you, sir, and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.
Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bower,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her; the appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight,
And then with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [*Exit.*

Zan. Why get thee gone! horror and night go with thee.
Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,
Go dance around the bower, and close them in;
And tell them, that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose,
And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison, all the air.
For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
Toads, pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;
May serpents winding up the trees, let fall

Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I should give them.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Bower.—LEONORA *sleeping.*

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Are ye not blasted as I enter in;
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st
A——murderer! [*He advances.*] Ha! she sleeps—
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.
Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!
Who would not think that being innocent?
Oh, my distracted heart!—Oh, cruel Heaven!
To give such charms as these, and then call man,
Mere man, to be your executioner!
But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more.
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.
[*Going, he starts back.*
Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves.
Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all.
[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*
Leon. My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.
Alon. Ye powers! with what an eye she mends the day!
While they were clos'd I should have giv'n the blow.
[*Aside.*

Leon. What says my lord?
Alon. Why, this Alonzo says;
If love were endless, men were gods; 'tis that
Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain——
'Tis Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.
Leon. Alas, my lord! why talk you of the grave?
Your friend is dead: in friendship you sustain
A mighty loss; repair it with my love.
Alon. Thy love, thou piece of witchcraft! I would say,
Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadst thou this? enchantress, tell me where,
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain?
But, Oh, those eyes! those murderers! Oh, whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? From heaven?
Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.
Leon. My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts.
Extremes still fright me, though of love itself.
Alon. Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
But I come home again—and now for justice——
And now for death——It is impossible——
[*Draws his Dagger.*
I leave her to just Heaven.
[*Drops the Dagger, and exit.*
Leon. Ha! a dagger!

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Wither his hand, that held the steel in vain!
That dagger found will cause her to inquire,—
What can be done? That's something still. If not,
'Tis all I can;—it shall be so. [*Aside.*
Leon. O, Zanga, I am sinking in my fears!
Alonzo dropp'd this dagger as he left me,
And left me in a strange disorder too.
What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

Zan. Yours, madam, yours.
Leon. What, Zanga, dost thou say?
Zan. Carry you goodness, then, to such extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?
Leon. Heav'ns!
And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.
Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
Why? wherefore? on what shadow of occasion?
O how the great man lessens to my thought!
How could so mean a vice as jealousy,
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
I scorn, and hate; yet love him, and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,
Till from himself I know it. [*Exit.*
Zan. This succeeds
Just to my wish. Now she, with violence
Upbraids him; he, not doubting she is guilty,
Rages no less; and if on either side
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

Enter ALONZO.

My lord——
Alon. O Zanga, hold thy peace! I am no coward;
But Heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it,
By the well-being of my soul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another season.
Zan. My lord, her guilt——
Alon. Perdition on thee, moor,
For that one word!
I love her to distraction.
If 'tis my shame, why, be it so——I love her;
Nor can I help it; 'tis imposed upon me
By some superior and resistless power.
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;

It shocks my nature like a stroke from Heaven.
But see, my Leonora comes—Begone.

[*Exit* ZANGA.

Enter LEONORA.

O seen for ever, yet for ever new!
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.
Leon. Alas, my lord!
What need of this to me?
Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?
Leon. Have I no cause?
Alon. If love is thy concern,
Thou hast no cause: none ever lov'd like me.
Oh, that this one embrace would last for ever!
Leon. These tears declare how much I taste the joy
Of being folded in your arms and heart;
My universe does lie within that space.
This dagger bore false witness.
Alon. Ha, my dagger!
It rouses horrid images. Away,
Away with it; and let us talk of love.
Leon. It touches you.
Alon. Let's talk of love.
Leon. Of death!
Alon. As thou lov'st happiness——
Leon. Of murder!
Alon. Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.
Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me.
Alon. Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.
Leon. Who has most cause, you or myself? What act
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.

He, that can stoop to harbour such a thought,
Deserves to find it true.

Alon. Oh, sex, sex, sex!
The language of you all. Ill fated woman!
Why wilt thou force me back into the gulf
Of agonies, I had block'd up from thought?
But, since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,
I will be satisfy'd.—Confess, confess,—
Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha, Don Carlos!
By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,
That thou should'st dare to dash it in my face?
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow, then, to thy heart——
[*She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.*

Alon. Hoa, Zanga! Isabella! hoa! she bleeds!
Descend ye blessed angels, to assist her!

Leon. This is the only way I would wound thee,
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help. The world to save her!

Leon. Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and tremble:
But fix thy terror and amazement right;
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.
What hast thou done? Whom censur'd?—Leonora!
When thou hadst censur'd, thou wouldst save her life:

O inconsistent! Should I live in shame;
Or stoop to any other means but this
To assert my virtue? No; she, who disputes,
Admits it possible she might be guilty.
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,
While it might look like an excuse to thee,
I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence:
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound,
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[ISABELLA *leads out* LEONORA.

Alon. Ha! was this woman guilty?—And if not—
How my thoughts darken that way! Grant, kind Heaven,
That she prove guilty; or my being end.
Is that my hope, then?

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain
In hell, a refuge from severer pain? [*Exit.*

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?
Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single groan——
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too——
Why, be it so——Revenge so truly great
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
Come, death, come, hell, then! 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ah, Zanga, see me tremble! Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor Leonora——

Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath.
What then? We all must die.

Isa. Alonzo raves,
And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,
He calls his friends, that save him, his worst foes:
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.
After a pause,
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,
For Zanga rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,
To learn that truth, which most he dreads to know.
Zan. Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all.
[*Exit* ISABELLA.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Oh, Zanga!
Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.
Alon. I dare not. [*Falls on him.*
Zan. You will drown me with your tears.
Alon. Have I not cause?
Zan. As yet you have no cause.
Alon. Dost thou too rave?
Zan. Your anguish is to come:
You much have been abus'd.
Alon. Abus'd! by whom?
Zan. To know were little comfort.
Alon. O 'twere much!
Zan. Indeed!
Alon. By Heaven! Oh, give him to my fury!
Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.
Know, then, 'twas——I.
Alon. Am I awake?
Zan. For ever.
Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport to me;
And I, I let thee know it—that's another.
I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;
I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;—
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.

Alon. Oh! [*Swoons.*

Zan. Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow!
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,
Ye spirits, which delight in just revenge!
Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep;
Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice:
O, my dear countrymen, look down, and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.
But this is mercy, this is my indulgence;
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.
I must awake him into horrors. Hoa!
Alonzo, hoa! the moor is at the gate!
Awake, invincible, omnipotent!
Thou, who dost all subdue.

Alon. Inhuman slave!

Zan. Fall'n christian, thou mistak'st my character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st,
The moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave:
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
Shines here to give an awe of one above thee?
When the great moorish king, Abdallah, fell,
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,
His son, though, through his fondness, in disguise,
Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe——
Ha! does it wake thee?——O'er my father's corse
I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
And then was made the captive of a squadron,
And sunk into thy servant——But, Oh! what,
What were my wages! Hear nor Heaven, nor earth!
My wages were a blow! by Heaven, a blow!
And from a mortal hand!

Alon. Oh, villain, villain!
Zan. All strife is vain. [*Showing a Dagger.*
Alon. Is thus my love return'd?
Is this my recompense? Make friends of tigers!
Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nourishment with death.
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying!
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.
Oh, shame! Oh, guilt! Oh, horror! Oh, remorse!
Oh, punishment! Had Satan never fall'n,
Hell had been made for me.—Oh, Leonora!
Zan. Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?
Complain of grief! complain thou art a man.
Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell;
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;
Heroes and demigods have known their sorrows;
Cæsars have wept; and I have had my blow:
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance
To make ev'n thee confess that I am just.—
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person, Oh! thou hast profan'd!
Whose reign extinguish'd: What was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them, the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well——
Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave;
But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, ALONZO *rushes upon him, and prevents him. Enter* DON ALVAREZ, *with* ATTENDANTS. *They seize* ZANGA. ALONZO *puts the Dagger in his Bosom.*

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
My father!
Alv. O Alonzo!——Isabella,
Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.
Alon. What groan was that?
Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,

Enter MANUEL, *who whispers* ALVAREZ.

And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
As ever flapp'd its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair.
Thy wife is dead.
Alv. The dreadful news is true.
Alon. Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him.
Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou wouldst not know,
That thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.
Torture thou may'st; but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.
Alv. Peace, villain!
Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak:
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy bloodhounds of their prey.
Alon. Who call'd Alonzo?

Again !——'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.—
Oh, how I laugh at all that this can do! [*Stabs himself.*
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were giv'n before; I was already dead;
This only marks my body for the grave.
Afric, thou art reveng'd.——O Leonora! [*Dies.*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours,
The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all;
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.
[*He goes to* ALONZO's *Body.*
Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mien?
Is that the hand, which smote me? Heavens, how pale!
And art thou dead? So is my enmity.
I war not with the dust. The great, the proud,
The conqueror of Afric was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcases.
This was thy only method to subdue me.
Terror and doubt fall on me: all thy good
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.
Never had man such funeral applause:
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.
O vengeance, I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me, hell blows all her fires.
[*Exit, followed by* ATTENDANTS.

THE END.

THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA;

IN THREE ACTS;

BY JOHN GAY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

The celebrated author of this celebrated opera was born to experience variety of fortune; such as plunged him into the bitterest despondency, and such as elevated him to the height of joy.

John Gay was born near Barnstaple, in Devonshire, 1688, and received his education at the grammar school there. He was of an ancient family, and yet was bred a mercer: But having a small independent fortune, and a mind superior to the state in which his relations had placed him, he purchased his freedom from the indentures which bound him to a shopkeeper, in the Strand, and quitted the counter, where he had attended for several years.

His first production, a poem, called "Rural Sports," printed in 1711, and dedicated to Pope, gained him the acquaintance and friendship of that poet, and introduced him to many other distinguished persons.

The year following, he was made secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth; and, soon after, accompanied Lord Clarendon, in the same capacity, to Hanover.

Gay seems to have fixed his inclination upon a

certain possession, which poets, of all other classes of men, appear most to have despised—money.

With the various earnings of his pen, both as secretary and author, poor Gay, in search of riches, placed all he had accumulated, in the bank of the famous South Sea company—His warmest wishes were soon accomplished, and his little fortune became treble.—He was advised to sell out, and purchase an annuity, with his increased store—he waited to have it still augment,—and lost every guinea he was worth in the world.

The poet had neither wife nor child, to share in this severe misfortune, and yet, it seemed to have struck to his heart.

He was, for a time, inconsolable,—almost driven to despair. But the treasure he still possessed in affectionate and enlightened friends, who sought every method to dissipate his care, at length prevailed; and he began, once more, to write for money, and to save it.

He now produced his tragedy of "The Captives"—had the honour of reading it to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline; and the greater honour, of receiving her royal command, to write a book of Fables, which was dedicated, by permission, to the young Duke of Cumberland, and most graciously accepted.

Gay's hopes were again elated; he looked forward to advancement, from so powerful and liberal a patronage;—but in 1727, when this princess ascended the throne, another South Sea bubble broke, and he

was offered a place at court, which he conceived it an indignity to suppose he would accept.

He refused to be gentleman-usher to one of the young princesses, as an office, in which his peculiar talents would be wholly useless; but though he considered, that insult had been here added to disappointment, yet, as this misfortune occurred without any imprudence or fault of his own, he sunk not under its weight, as when he lost his fortune, in the pursuit of increasing it;—but, irritated by a manly pride, against courts and courtiers, was now inspired to compose this admirable drama of "The Beggar's Opera."

It came out in the season of 1727-8—and on this occasion the author experienced a joy, equal in its excess, to any of his past and bitterest sorrows.

Never had dramatic work been so attractive; and as the nature of the entertainment was wholly new to an English audience, the author had eulogiums for his invention, beyond the common share allotted to successful authors.

"The Beggar's Opera" was acted sixty-three nights, without intermission and charmed every auditor, except those who were the objects of its satire. Anecdotes, almost incredible, are related of its popularity on its first coming forth; and yet, their truth can be easily conceived, when the present force of this excellent work is recollected. At this period, when English operas are no longer a novelty, and some very good ones have appeared, still, no entertainment of the kind, is allowed to hold an exact equality with this produc-

tion. At such high estimation, a certain discount is, however, taken from its value. It fails of moral precept.—Nor is that accusation all; it has the fatal tendency to make vice alluring. The skill of the author is here supremely excellent, though it is grievous he did not show it in a better cause; for, who, but Gay, could have made highwaymen, thieves, and cheats of every denomination, endearing to the delicate, the elegant, and even the honourable spectator?

Still it is to be observed, that the author has rendered the only honest person in the play, by far the most interesting character. Polly Peachum is endowed with such superior charms, from the unoffending qualities she possesses, that, when she was first represented, every actress who performed the part, made her fortune by marriage;—and Miss Fenton, the original Polly, so fascinated the Duke of Bolton, that he elevated her to the highest rank of a female subject, by making her his wife.

It is painful to state, that, after this brilliant success, Gay wrote again, and his drama failed of a kind reception. It seems a paradox, yet it is true, that the author, who has once written well, should write no more; whilst he, who is unsuccessful, had best proceed.—The first may lose a reputation by perseverance, and the last may regain one.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
CAPTAIN MACHEATH	*Mr. Kelly.*	*Mr. Incledon.*
PEACHUM	*Mr. Dowton.*	*Mr. Munden.*
LOCKIT	*Mr. Wewitzer.*	*Mr. Emery.*
MAT O' THE MINT	*Mr. Cooke.*	*Mr. Taylor.*
BEN BUDGE	*Mr. Maddocks.*	*Mr. Field.*
CROOK-FINGER'D JACK	*Mr. Chatterly.*	*Mr. Jefferies.*
JEMMY TWITCHER	*Mr. Rhodes.*	*Mr. Treby.*
WAT DREARY	*Mr. Evans.*	*Mr. Street.*
NIMMING NED	*Mr. Tokeley.*	*Mr. Atkins.*
HARRY PADDINGTON	*Mr. Webb.*	*Mr. King.*
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT	*Mr. Fisher.*	*Mr. Wilde.*
DRAWER		*Mr. W. Murray.*
FILCH	*Mr. Suett.*	*Mr. Simmons.*
MRS. PEACHUM	*Mrs. Sparks.*	*Mrs. Davenport.*
POLLY	*Mrs. Mountain.*	*Mrs. Dickons.*
LUCY	*Miss De Camp.*	*Mrs. C. Kemble.*
MRS. COAXER	*Mrs. Jones.*	*Mrs. Bologna.*
DOLLY TRULL	*Miss Watson.*	*Mrs. Grimaldi.*
MRS. VIXEN	*Miss Saunders.*	*Miss Cranfield.*
BETTY DOXEY	*Mrs. Butler.*	*Mrs. Iliff.*
JENNY DIVER	*Mrs. Gardner.*	*Miss Cox.*
MRS. SLAMMEKIN	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Miss Leserve.*
SUKEY TAWDRY	*Miss Menage.*	*Mrs. Watts.*
MOLLY BRAZEN	*Mrs. Coates.*	*Mrs. I. Bologna.*
DIANA TRAPES	*Mrs. Maddocks.*	

BEGGARS OPERA

POLLY — GIVE HER ANOTHER GLASS, SIR.

ACT I. SCENE

PAINTED BY SINGLETON. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO. ENGRAVED BY STARKER

THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

PEACHUM'S *House.*

PEACHUM *sitting at a Table, with a large Book of Accounts before him.*

AIR.—PEACHUM.

"An old woman, clothed in grey."

Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother:
Whore and rogue, they call husband and wife;
All professions be-rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat;
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me too, he acts in a double capacity, both against

rogues, and for them; for 'tis but fitting, that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll has sent word, her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her, that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom gag, sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! When I took him, the time before, I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend his hand. This is death, without reprieve. I may venture to book him; [*Writes.*] for Tom Gagg, forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know, that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods to our lock this year, than any five of the gang; and, in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen-partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her, I was obliged for my education, (to say a bold word) she has trained up more young fellows to the business, than the gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons, are more beholden to women, than all the professions besides.

AIR.—FILCH.

"The bonny grey-ey'd morn, &c."

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money, with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise every fraud to bribe her charms;
For, suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy, one way or another.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspence, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another, without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be a messenger of comfort, to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me, for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing, till he is hanged. A register of the gang. [*Reading.*] *Crook-finger'd Jack—a year and a half in the service*——let me see, how much the stock owes to his industry;—One, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty, clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them of true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tie-perriwigs, and a piece of broad-cloth. Considering, these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow; for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. *Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will*—an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of dispos-

ing of his goods; I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer, upon his good behaviour. *Harry Paddington*—a poor, petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit.—*Slippery Sam*—he goes off, the next sessions; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment.—*Mat o'th' Mint*—listed not above a month ago; a promising, sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder:—*Tom Tipple*—a guzzling, soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand; a cart is absolutely necessary for him. *Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty*——

Enter MRS. PEACHUM.

Mrs. P. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him—You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine—'twas he, made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear; he spends his life among women, and, as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever!

Mrs. P. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome, who is going to the camp, or the gallows.—But, really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men, than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these even months; and truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse, for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do? so, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here, this morning, for the banknotes he left with you, last week?

Mrs. P. Yes, my dear; and though the bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful, and so agreeable! Sure, there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the captain! if he comes from Bagshot, at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening, with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

Peach. The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone, and the chocolate-houses, are his undoing. The man, that proposes to get money by play, should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it, from his youth.

Mrs. P. Really, I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague doth the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. P. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. P. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad as to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are, generally, very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. P. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself?—Poor girl, I'm in the utmost concern about her!

Peach. Lookye, wife, a handsome wench in our way of business, is as profitable, as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood, to grant every liberty but one. My daughter, to me, should be like a court lady, to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. P. Mayhap, my dear, you may injure the poor girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the captain liberties, in the view of interest.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her, how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her, this moment, and sift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks, of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon, to a chap in the city. [*Exit.*

Mrs. P. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument, than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. P. Come hither, Filch.—I am as fond of this child, as though my mind misgave me, he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

Filch. I plied at the opera, madam; and, considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a to-

lerable hand on't—These seven handkerchiefs, madam.

Mrs. P. Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff, among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff-box.

Mrs. P. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this, to a young beginner!

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors, for making the fobs so deep and narrow!—it stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that, every now and then, since I was pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. P. You should go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour; these are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact, I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough, upon a sentence of transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your book, and learn your catechism: for, really, a man makes but an ill figure in the ordinary's paper, who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his questions. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar:—Do you know of any thing that hath passed, between Captain Macheath, and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lie to you, or to Miss Polly; for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. P. But when the honour of our family is concerned——

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she comes to know I told you. Besides, I would not

willingly forfeit my own honour, by betraying any body.

Mrs. P. Yonder comes my husband, and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PEACHUM *and* POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR.

"What shall I do to show how much I love her?"

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;

But when once pluck'd 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer, in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have played the fool, and are married, you

jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now, you know my mind.

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, *in a very great passion.*

AIR.

"O London is a fine town."

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her pride,
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace, and she will have men beside;
And when she's dress'd with care and cost, all tempting, fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged it would not have vexed me; for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice!——The wench is married, husband.

Peach. Married! the captain is a bold man, and will risk any thing for money: to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together if ever we had been married, baggage?

Mrs. P. I knew she was always a proud slut, and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry! Can you support the expense of a husband, hussy, in gaming, and drinking? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman! Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill used

and as much neglected as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the captain looks upon himself in the military capacity as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruined or no?

Mrs. P. With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction: yes, that you might, you pouting slut.

Peach. What! is the wench dumb? speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*

Mrs. P. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all; they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR.—POLLY.

"Grim king of the ghosts, &c."

Can love be controll'd by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Tho' my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kiss'd me, so sweetly he press'd,
'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. P. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately, for honour or money——but I love him.

Mrs. P. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself——Oh! [*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant! How the poor woman takes it to heart! [POLLY *goes out, and returns with it.*] Ah, hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This you see fetches her.

Mrs. P. The girl shows such readiness, and so much concern, that I almost could find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR.

"O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been?"

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd:
By keeping men off you keep them on.
Polly. *But he so teas'd me,*
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did you must have done.

Mrs. P. Not with a highwayman—you sorry slut.

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear!

Mrs. P. Yes, indeed, the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is her time to make her

fortune: after that she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. P. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. P. A mighty likely speech in troth for a wench who is just married!

AIR.—POLLY.

"Thomas, I cannot," &c.

I like a ship in storms was toss'd,
Yet afraid to put into land,
For seized in the port the vessel's lost
Whose treasure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expression!
Thus safe ashore
I ask no more;
My all's in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room; go talk with them, Polly; but come again as soon as they are gone.—But harkye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say you can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle, to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know beetle-browed Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come

from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit* POLLY.] Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. P. If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a spot or stain but what it can take out. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. P. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be considered. The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned: he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perriwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must not be as they are. You are married then, it seems?

Polly. Yes, sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, sir; upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. P. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, sir: how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love: the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

Peach. Fie, Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say that the captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so, 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business: so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. P. To have him peached is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR.—POLLY.

"Now ponder well, ye parents dear."

Oh ponder well! be not severe:
So save a wretched wife,
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. P. But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him. Thus, sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. P. What! is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex!

Polly. But hear me, mother—if you ever loved—

Mrs. P. Those cursed play books she reads have been her ruin! One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. P. Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. [POLLY *listens.*] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear! it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. P. But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then indeed we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. P. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt* PEACHUM *and* MRS. PEACHUM.

Polly. Now I'm a wretch indeed!—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—I see him at the tree!

the whole circle are in tears!—What then will become of Polly?—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape.—It shall be so.—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me.—If he keeps out of the way my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy—If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lie concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

Enter MACHEATH.

AIR.

"Pretty parrot, say," &c.

Mac. *Pretty Polly, say,*
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

Polly. *Without disguise,*
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover,
Fondly let me loll!

Mac. *O pretty, pretty Poll!*

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love.—May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

"Pray, fair one, be kind."

My heart was so free,
It rov'd like the bee,
Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt each flower,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

Polly. Were you sentenced to transportation, sure my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR.

"Over the hills, and far away."

Mac. *Were I laid on Greenland's coast,*
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.
Polly. *Were I sold on Indian soil,*
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.
Mac. *And I would love you all the day,*
Polly. *Every night would kiss and play,*
Mac. *If with me you'd fondly stray,*
Polly. *Over the hills, and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!——

how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee! We must part!

Mac. How! part!

Polly. We must, we must!—My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee: they are preparing evidence against thee; thy life depends upon a moment!

AIR.—POLLY.

"Gin thou wert my awn thing."

O, what pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O, what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But lest death my love should thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiss, and then!—one kiss!—Begone!—Farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, is so rivetted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold!

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hanged.

Polly. Oh, how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but, when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for, till then, Polly is wretched.

AIR.

"O the broom," &c.

Mac. *The miser thus a shilling sees,*
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly. *The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,*
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Tavern near Newgate.

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOKFINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT-O'-THE-MINT, BEN BUDGE, *and the Rest of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy, and Tobacco.*

Ben. But pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident, this time twelvemonth, and so clever made a fellow he was, I could not save him from these stealing rascals, the surgeons; and, now, poor man, he is among the otamies, at Surgeons' Hall.

Ben. So, it seems, his time was come.

Jemmy. But the present time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levelled at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own, by the law of arms, and the right of conquest.

Jack. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who, to a man, are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men, and true!

Robin. Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

Mat. Show me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world; for every man has a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the freehearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

Jemmy. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all! Fill the glasses!

AIR.—MAT.

" Fill ev'ry glass," &c.

Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there ought else on earth desirous?

Chorus. *Fill ev'ry glass, &c.*

Enter MACHEATH.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met; my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you!

Mat. We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening, upon the Heath? I drink a dram, now and then, with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that, about this time, there will be passengers, upon the western road, who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but—

Mat. But what, sir?

Mac. Is there any one that suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions, something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and, till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine, shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You most continue to act under his direction; for, the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

Mat. He is, to us, of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week, or so, will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you. [*Sits down, melancholy, at the Table.*

AIR.—MAT.

March in Rinaldo, with Drums and Trumpets.

Let us take the road;
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold!
Let the chemists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold.

[*The* GANG, *ranged in the Front of the Stage, load their Pistols, and stick them under their Girdles, then go off, singing the first Part in Chorus.*

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex; and a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury Lane would be uninhabited.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

"Would you have a young virgin."

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears,
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
Press her,
Caress her,
With blisses,
Her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women—there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time——Drawer!

Enter DRAWER.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Drawer. I expect him back every minute; but you know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies; for one in Vinegar Yard, and

for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's Lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come, I will show them up. Coming! coming! [*Exit.*

Enter MRS. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, MRS. VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, MRS. SLAMMEKIN, SUKEY TAWDY, *and* MOLLY BRAZEN.

Mac. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome! you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.—Dolly Trull! kiss me, you slut! are you as amorous as ever, hussy? you are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else.—Ah, Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette.—Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours! I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives.—Betty Doxy! come hither, hussy: do you drink as hard as ever? you had better stick to good wholesome beer, for, in troth, Betty, strong waters will, in time, ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters.—What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! there is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look, with a more mischievous heart; ah, thou art a dear, artful hypocrite!—Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress. —But see! here's Sukey Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying.—Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] That's well done: I love a free-hearted wench: thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle.—But hark! I hear music! "If music be the food of love, play on!" Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in.

Enter HARPER.

Play the French tune that Mrs. Slammekin is so fond of.

A Dance; then this Song and Chorus

AIR.

Cotillion.

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Chorus. *Youth's the season, &c.*

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus. *Let us drink, &c.*

Mac. Now, pray, ladies, take your places. Here, drawer, bring us more wine. If any of the ladies chuse gin, I hope they will be so free as to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, sir, I never drink strong waters, but when I have the colic.

Mac. Just the excuse of the fine ladies! why, a

lady of quality is never without the colic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers?

Mrs. C. We have so many interlopers; yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking.—If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Diver.

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, sir, to show my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.—But, to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming table hath been my ruin.

Jenny. A man of courage should never put any thing to the risk but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour: cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his Pistol;* SUKEY TAWDRY *takes up the other.*

Sukey. This, sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. How fond could I be of you! but, before company, 'tis ill bred.

Mac. Wanton hussies!

Jenny. I must, and will, have a kiss, to give my wine a zest.

[*They take him about the Neck, and make Signs to* PEACHUM *and* CONSTABLES, *who rush in upon him.*

Peach. I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

Mac. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them? beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies; and, if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

"When first I laid siege to my Chloris.'

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such furies as these are.

[Exit MACHEATH, *guarded, with* PEACHUM *and* CONSTABLES; *and the* LADIES *after, with great Ceremony.*

SCENE II.

Newgate.

Enter LOCKIT, TURNKEYS, MACHEATH, *and* CONSTABLES.

Lockit. Noble Captain, you are welcome! you have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the custom, sir; garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

Mac. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

Lockit. Lookye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down, I say.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten; and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you, sir. [*Gives Money.*] The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lockit. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better.—Take down the further pair.—Do but examine them, sir—Never was better work—How genteely they are made!—They will sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the Chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt* LOCKIT, TURNKEYS, *and* CONSTABLES.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

" Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm."

Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some has outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman, must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly, that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets,
So he, that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He, that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long, till I am hanged) be con-

fident to hear the reproaches of a wench, who lays her ruin at my door—I am in the custody of her father; and, to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.—But I promised the wench marriage.—What signifies a promise to a woman? does not man, in marriage itself, promise a hundred things, that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us: for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations.—But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her—'would I were deaf!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. You base man, you!—how can you look me in the face, after what hath past between us?—Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR.—LUCY.

"A lovely lass to a friar came."

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon,
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

Mac. Have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear Lucy! to see a husband in these circumstances?

Lucy. A husband!

Mac. In every respect but the form, and that, my dear! may be said over us at any time.——Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

Mac. The very first opportunity, my dear, (but have patience) you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum?—I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute you?

Mac. Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house, I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy! those violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy! to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage.—What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems you are not married to Miss Polly?

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her, but

(like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR.

"The Sun had loos'd his weary teams."

The first time at the looking glass,
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self love ever after.
Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
Thinks every charm grows stronger;
But alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father——Perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word——for I long to be made an honest woman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PEACHUM *and* LOCKIT, *with an Account Book.*

Lockit. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

Lockit. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it? Un-

less the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

Lockit. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid those matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lockit. Such language, brother, any where else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR.—LOCKIT.

"How happy are we, &c."

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name I see: sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case; for he told me in the condemned hold, that for value received you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lockit. Mr. Peachum—this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lockit. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lockit. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood——and this usage—sir—is not to be borne

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information money for the apprehending of Curlpated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

Lockit. Is this language to me, sirrah—who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah!

[*Collaring each other.*

Peach. If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

Lockit. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you——you dog!

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute——for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lockit. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

Lockit. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent——Give me your hand: suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour.

Enter LUCY.

Lockit. Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lockit. You have been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel, over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

Lockit. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman; 'tis not the fashion now-a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.—LUCY.

"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

Is then his fate decreed, sir,
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
O see how my heart is splitting!

Lockit. Lookye, Lucy—there is no saving him—so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR.—LOCKIT.

You'll think, ere many days ensue,
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband; that, child, is your duty—Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too——so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him. [*Exit.*

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way

to-day. I hope, my dear, you will upon the first opportunity quiet my scruples.—Oh, sir! my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum——would not twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing.—Money, well timed, and properly applied, will do any thing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!——Oh let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me?—'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. Oh Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death——no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love? —not one kind word! not one kind look!—Think what thy Polly suffers, to see thee in this condition.

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it,—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me—and that's no very unreasonable request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou, then, married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

Mac. If women's tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage!

Polly. Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

"Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty."

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither, a word will I say;
But toll de roll, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife—at least, she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. Oh villain! villain! thou hast deceived me!—I could even inform against thee with pleasure.—Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR.

"Irish trot."

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*
Lucy. *I'm bubbled.*
Polly. *Oh, how I'm troubled!*
Lucy. *Bamboozled and bit!*
Polly. *My distresses are doubled.*
Lucy. *When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,*
These fingers, with pleasure, could fasten the noose.
Polly. *I'm bubbled, &c.*

Mac. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's, to make me desperate with you, in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me, that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss Peachum, you do but expose yourself; besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR.—POLLY.

Cease your funning,
Force or cunning,
Never shall my heart trepan;
All these sallies,
Are but malice,
To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy shown;
Pleas'd to ruin
Others' woing,
Never happy in their own!

Decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve to the husband, while his wife is present.

Mac. But, seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey, to show you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill bred.

Polly. Give me leave, to tell you, madam, these forward airs don't become you, in the least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

AIR.

"Good morrow, Gossip Joan."

Lucy. *Why, how now, Madam Flirt?*
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try, who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why, how now, saucy jade?*
Sure, the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made [To him.
The scoff of such a gipsy?
Saucy jade! [To her.

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hussy!—Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him.—I must speak—I have more to say to him.—Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure, all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another, by exposing themselves.—Away—not a word more!—You are my prisoner, now, hussy.

AIR.—POLLY.

"Irish howl."

No pow'r on earth, can e'er divide
The knot, that sacred love hath tied.
When parents draw against our mind,
The true love's knot, they faster bind.
Oh, oh, ray, oh Amborah—Oh, oh, &c.
[*Holding* MACHEATH, PEACHUM *pulling her.*—
[*Exeunt* PEACHUM *and* POLLY.

Mac. I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you, at first, suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled!

Mac. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No, Lucy, I had rather die, than be false to thee!

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

Mac. But, couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

Lucy. Oh, Macheath! I could never live to see that day!

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt.—Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuse to assist me, Peachum, and your father, will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and, I fancy, he is now taking his nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee; till then, my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come, then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and, though you love me not, be grateful.—But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR.—LUCY.

"The Lass of Patty's Mill".

I like the fox, shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side;
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back. [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Newgate.

LOCKIT, LUCY.

Lockit. To be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting, to help him to this escape?

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum, and his daughter, Polly, and, to be sure, they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lockit. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers!

Lucy. Well, then, if I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burned!

Lockit. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, sir—I do wish I may be burned, I do, and what can I say more to convince you?

Lockit. Did he tip handsomely?—How much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you—Perhaps, you have made a better bargain with him, than I could have done—How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lockit. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard: for a girl, in the bar of an ale-house, is always besieged.

Lucy. If you can forgive me, sir, I will make a fair confession; for, to be sure, he hath been a most barbarous villain to me!

Lockit. And so, you have let him escape, hussy—have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing, and I could ask no other bribe. Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced, that Polly Peachum is actually his wife—Did I let him escape, fool that I was! to go to her? Polly will wheedle herself into his money; and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lockit. So I am to be ruined, because, forsooth, you must be in love!—A very pretty excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent, happy strumpet!—I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it—Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR.—LUCY.

"South Sea Ballad."

My love is all madness and folly;
Alone I lie,
Toss, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly!
Was e'er such a wretch as I?
With rage, I redden like scarlet,
That my dear inconstant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my resentment alarms.

Lockit. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, Mistress Puss!—Out of my sight, wanton strumpet!—You shall fast, and mortify yourself into reason, with, now and then, a little handsome discipline, to bring you to your senses.—Go!—[*Exit* LUCY.] Peachum,

then, intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him!—The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage. Lucy!

Enter LUCY.

Are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

Lucy. Filch, sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters, in the next room, with Black Moll.

Lockit. Bid him come to me. [*Exit.*

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved, —like a shotten herring.—But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

Filch. At his lock, sir, at the Crooked Billet.

Lockit. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit* FILCH.] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him, and in the way of those transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret—so, that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Jealousy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How am I weather beaten and shattered with distresses!

AIR.—LUCY.

"One evening having lost my way."

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the ratsbane ready——I run no risk; for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally, that I shall never be called in question—But say I were to be hanged—I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

Enter POLLY.

Dear madam! your servant.—I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last—I was so overrun with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself; and really when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excused by a friend.

AIR.—LUCY.

"Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son,"

When a wife's in the pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt)
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.

—I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes—and really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miss Polly—in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the head-ache.—I hope, madam, you will excuse me?

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking.—You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear!

Polly. I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer——I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly.—I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful—but really, madam, the captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again——Ah Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy——A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—So that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond. Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low; let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR.—LUCY.

"Come, sweet lass."

Come, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair,
And make us light as air;
Then drink and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits—and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good——I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet. [*Aside.—Exit.*

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time too, when I know she hates me!—The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief—By pouring strong waters down my throat she thinks to pump some secrets out of me—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

Enter LUCY, *with strong Waters.*

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose—You must, my dear! excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company. I vow Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me.

Polly. I protest, madam, it goes against me——What do I see! Macheath again in custody!—now every glimmering of happiness is lost!

[*Drops the Glass of Liquor on the Ground.*

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, *and* PEACHUM.

Lockit. Set your heart at rest, captain——You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away, hussies!——This is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives——you see the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O husband, husband! my heart longed to see thee, but to see thee thus, distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

AIR.

"The last time I came o'er the moor."

Polly. *Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes!*
Lucy. *Bestow one glance to cheer me.*
Polly. *Think, with that look, thy Polly dies.*
Lucy. *Oh, shun me not, but hear me!*
Polly. *'Tis Polly sues.*
Lucy. *'Tis Lucy speaks.*
Polly. *Is thus true love requited?*
Lucy. *My heart is bursting.*
Polly. *Mine, too, breaks.*
Lucy. *Must I——*
Polly. *Must I be slighted?*

Mac. What would you have me say, ladies? You see, this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling of this point, Captain, might prevent a law-suit between your two widows.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

"Tom Tinker's my true love," &c.

Which way shall I turn me? how can I decide?
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

Polly. But, if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine, a father, sure, will be more compassionate!—Dear, dear sir! sink the material evidence, and bring him off, at his trial—Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR.—POLLY.

"I am a poor shepherd, undone."

When my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of poor Polly's tears,
For, ah! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor, he holds up his hand,
Distress'd, on the dashing wave;
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!
Before I was in love,
Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Peach. Set your heart at rest, Polly—your husband is to die to-day; therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another.—There's comfort for you, you slut!

Lockit. We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

"Bonny Dundee."

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged; (a terrible show!)
I go undismay'd, for death is a debt—
A debt on demand, so take what I owe.
Then farewell, my love—dear charmers, adieu!
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute, for the rest of our lives,
For this way, at once, I please all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt* PEACHUM, LOCKIT, MACHEATH, &c

SCENE II.

The Condemned Hold.

MACHEATH *in a melancholy Posture.*

AIR.

" Happy Groves."

Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?

AIR.

" Of all the girls that are so smart."

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure, can bring relief,
As this best friend, a brimmer. [Drinks.

AIR.

" Britons, strike home."

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to whince or whine.
[Rises.

AIR.

" Chevy Chace."

But now again, my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine.
[Drinks a Glass of Wine.

AIR.

"To old Sir Simon, the king."

But valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking?
[Drinks.

AIR.

"Joy to great Cæsar."

If thus, a man can die,
Much bolder with brandy.
[Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.

AIR.

"There was an old woman," &c.

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the best.
[Drinks.

AIR.

"Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor?"

But can I leave my pretty hussies,
Without one tear, or tender sigh?

AIR.

"Why are mine eyes thus flowing?"

Their eyes, their lips, their busses,
Recall my love—Ah! must I die?

AIR.

"Green Sleeves."

Since laws were made, for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree.
But gold, from law, can take out the sting;
And if rich men, like us, were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. Some friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted—I leave you together. [*Exit.*

Enter BEN. BUDGE *and* MAT. *of the* MINT.

Mac. For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered for immediate execution—The sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should 'peach me, I own, surprised me.—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that, even our gang, can no more trust one another, than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, to look well to yourselves, for, in all probability, you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortune, but 'tis what we must all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels—their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs—Remember your dying friend—'Tis my last request—Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do it.

Enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy, intreat a word with you. [*Exit.*

Mac. Gentlemen, adieu!

[*Exeunt* BEN. BUDGE *and* MAT. *of the* MINT.

Enter LUCY *and* POLLY.

Mac. My dear Lucy! my dear Polly! whatsoever hath passed between us, is now at an end.

AIR.

"All you that must take a leap," &c.

Lucy. *'Would I might be hang'd!*
Polly. *And I would so too!*
Lucy. *To be hang'd with you,*
Polly. *My dear, with you.*
Mac. *Oh, leave me to thought! I fear, I doubt!*
I tremble—I droop!—See, my courage is out!
[Turns up the empty Pot.
Polly. *No token of love?*
Mac. *See, my courage is out!*
[Turns up the empty bottle.
Lucy. *No token of love?*
Polly. *Adieu!*
Lucy. *Farewell!*
Mac. *But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*
Chorus. *Tol de rol lol, &c.*

Gaoler. Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece.—See, here they come!

Enter WOMEN *and* CHILDREN.

Mac. What! four wives more! this is too much —Here, tell the sheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

Mob. [*Within.*] A reprieve! a reprieve!

Enter MACHEATH, *&c.*

Mac. So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last—Lookye, my dears, we will have no controversy now.—Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure, she, who thinks herself my wife, will testify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance! a dance!

Mac. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and (if I may without offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine—and for life, you slut, for we are really married—As for the rest—But, at present, keep your own secret.

[*To* POLLY.

A DANCE.

AIR.

"Lumps of pudding," &c.

Thus, I stand like a Turk, with his doxies around,
From all sides, their glances his passion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires,
Though willing to all, but with one he retires:
Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.

CHORUS.

Then think of this maxim, &c. [Exeunt omnes.

THE END.